

Arabian Nights. [English]

Arabian Nights

ENTERTAINMENTS:

Consisting of

ONE THOUSAND and ONE

STORIES.

TOLD BY

The Sultaneſs of the *Indies*, to divert the Sultan from the Execution of a bloody Vow he had made to marry a Lady every Day, and have her cut off next Morning, to avenge himſelf for the Diſloyalty of his firſt Sultaneſs, &c.

CONTAINING,

A better Account of the Customs, Manners and Religion of the Eastern Nations, *viz.* *Tartars, Persians* and *Indians*, than is to be met with in any Author hitherto publiſh'd.

Translated into *French* from the *Arabian MSS.* by M. GALLAND, of the Royal Academy; and now done into *English* from the laſt *Paris* Edition.

SEVENTH EDITION.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE RISK, at *Shakeſpear's-head*, GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel* and *Bible*, and WILLIAM SMITH, at the *Hercules*, Bookſellers in *Dame's-ſtreet*. MDCCXXVIII.





THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY, to the
Right Honourable the Lady Marchioness
d'O, Lady of Honour to the Dutches of
BURGUNDY.

MADAM,

THE great Kindnesses I receiv'd from M. de Guilleragues, your illustrious Father, during my Abode at Constantinople, some Years ago, are too fresh in my Mind, for me to neglect any Opportunity of publishing what I owe to his Memory. Were he still alive for the Welfare of France, and my particular Advantage, I would take the Liberty to dedicate this Work to him; not only as my Benefactor, but as a Person most capable of judging what is Fine, and inspiring others with the like Sentiments. Every one remembers the wonderful Exactness of his Judgment; the meanest of his Thoughts had something in them that was shining; and his lowest Expressions were always exact and nice, which made every one admire him: For never had any Man so much Wit and so much Solidity. I have seen him at a time when he was so much taken up with the Affairs of his Master, that no body could expect any thing from him, but what related to his Ministry, and his profound Capacity to manage the most knotty Negotiations; yet all the Weight of his Employment diminish'd nothing of his inimitable Pleasantness, which charm'd his Friends, and was agreeable even to those barbarous Nations with whom that Great Man did treat. After the Loss of him, which to me is irreparable, I could not address my self to any other Person than your self, Madam, since you alone can supply the Want of him to me; therefore it is that I take the Boldness to beg of you the same Protection for this Book, that you was pleas'd to grant to the French Translation of the Seven Arabian Stories that I had the Honour to present you.

You may, perhaps, wonder, Madam, that I have not since that Time presented them to you in Print; but the reason of it is, that when I was about putting them to the Press, I was

Epistle DEDICATORY.

inform'd that those Seven Stories were taken out of a prodigious Collection of Stories of the like sort, entituled, One Thousand and One Nights. This Discovery oblig'd me to suspend the Printing of them, and to use my Endeavours to get that Collection; I was forced to send for it from Syria, and I have translated into French this first Volume, being One of the Four that were sent me. These Stories will certainly divert you, Madam, much more than those you have already seen. They are new to you, and more in Number: You will also perceive, with Pleasure, the ingenious Design of this anonymous Arabian, who has given us these Stories after the manner of his Country, fabulous indeed, but very diverting.

I beg, Madam, your Acceptance of this small Present, which I have the Honour to make you; it is a publick Testimony of my Acknowledgment of the profound Respect, with which I am, and shall for ever be,

M A D A M,

Your most humble, and

most obedient Servant,

G A L L A N D.

P R E.



P R E F A C E.

THERE's no Occasion to prepossess the Reader with an Opinion of the Merit and Beauty of the following Work. There needs no more but to read it to satisfy any Man that hitherto nothing so fine, of this Nature, has appear'd in any Language.

What can be more ingenious, than to compose such a prodigious Quantity of pleasant Stories, whose Variety is surprizing, and whose Connexion is so wonderful? We know not the Name of the Author of so great a Work; but probably it is not all done by one Hand, for how can we suppose that one Man alone, could have Invention enough to make so many fine Things.

If Stories of this sort be pleasant and diverting, because of the Wonders they usually contain; these have certainly the Advantage above all that have yet been publish'd, because they are full of surprizing Events, which engage our Attention, and shew how much the *Arabians* surpass other Nations in Composures of this Sort.

They must also be pleasing, because of the Account they give of the Customs and Manners of the Eastern Nations, and of the Ceremonies of their Religion, as well Pagan as Mahometan, which are better describ'd here, than in any Author that has wrote of 'em, or in the Relations of Travellers. All the Eastern Nations, *Persians*, *Tartars* and *Indians*, are here distinguish'd, and appear such as they are, from the Sovereign to the meanest Subject; so that without the Fatigue of going to see those People in their respective Countries, the Reader has here the Pleasure to see them act, and hear them speak. Care has been taken

P R E F A C E.

to preserve their Characters, and to keep their Sense; nor have we varied from the Text, but when Modesty obliged us to it. The Translator flatters himself, that those who understand *Arabick*, and will be at the Pains to compare the Original with the Translation, must agree, that he has shew'd the *Arabians* to the *French*, with all the Circumspection that the Niceness of the *French* Tongue, and of the Time requires; and if those who read these Stories, have but any Inclination to profit by the Examples of Virtue and Vice, which they will here find exhibited, they may reap an Advantage by it, that is not to be reap'd in other Stories, which are more proper to corrupt than to reform our Manners.



Arabian



Arabian Nights

ENTERTAINMENTS.



THE Chronicles of the *Suffanians*, the ancient Kings of *Persia*, who extended their Empire into the *Indies*, over all the Islands thereunto belonging, a great way beyond the *Ganges*, and as far as *China*; acquaint us, that there was formerly a King of that potent Family, the most excellent Prince of his Time: He was as much belov'd by his Subjects for his Wisdom and Prudence, as he was dreaded by his Neighbours, because of his Valour, and his warlike and well-disciplin'd Troops. He had two Sons; the eldest *Schahriar*, the worthy Heir of his Father, and endow'd with all his Virtues. The youngest *Schahzenan*, was likewise a Prince of incomparable Merit.

After a long and glorious Reign, this King died, and *Schahriar* mounted his Throne. *Schahzenan* being excluded

cluded from all Share of the Government, by the Laws of the Empire, and oblig'd to live a private Life, was so far from envying the Happiness of his Brother, that he made it his whole Business to please him, and effected it without much Difficulty. *Schahriar*, who had naturally a great Affection for that Prince, was so charm'd with his Complaisance, that out of an Excess of Friendship, he would needs divide his Dominions with him, and gave him the Kingdom of Great *Tartary*; *Schahzenan* went immediately and took Possession of it, and fix'd the Seat of his Government at *Samarcande*, the Metropolis of the Country.

After they had been separated ten Years, *Schahriar* having a passionate Desire to see his Brother, resolv'd to send an Ambassador to invite him to Court. He made choice of his Prime Visier for the Embassy, sent him to *Tartary* with a Retinue answerable to his Dignity, and he made all possible haste to *Samarcande*. When he came near the City, *Schahzenan* had Notice of it, and went to meet him with the principal Lords of his Court, who, to put the more Honour on the Sultan's Minister, appeared in magnificent Apparel. The King of *Tartary* receiv'd the Ambassador with the greatest Demonstrations of Joy, and immediately asking him concerning the Welfare of the Sultan his Brother. The Visier having acquainted him that he was in Health, gave him an Account of his Embassy, *Schahzenan* was so much affected with it, that he answered thus: *Sage Visier, the Sultan my Brother does me too much Honour; he could propose nothing in the World so acceptable; I long as passionately to see him, as he does to see me. Time has been no more able to diminish my Friendship than his. My Kingdom is in Peace, and I desire no more but ten Days to get myself ready to go with you. So that there's no Necessity of your entering the City, for so short a Time: I pray you to pitch your Tents here, and I will order Provisions in Abundance for your self and your Company.* The Visier did accordingly, and as soon as the King returned, he sent him a prodigious Quantity of Provisions of all sorts, with Presents of great Value.

In the mean while, *Schahzenan* made ready for his Journey, took Order about his most important Affairs, appointed

pointed a Council to govern in his Absence, and named a Minister, of whose Wisdom he had sufficient Experience, and in whom he had an entire Confidence to be their President. At the End of ten Days, his Equipage being ready, he took his Leave of the Queen his Wife, and went out of Town in the Evening with his Retinue, pitch'd his Royal Pavilion near the Visier's Tent, and discours'd with that Ambassador till Midnight. But willing once more to embrace the Queen, whom he lov'd entire y, he return'd alone to his Palace, and went straight to her Majesty's Apartment, who not expecting his Return, had taken one of the meanest Officers of the Household to her Bed, where they lay both fast asleep; having been in Bed a considerable while.

The King enter'd without any Noise, and pleas'd himself to think how he should surprize his Wife, who, he thought, lov'd him as entirely as he did her: But how strange was his Surprize, when by the Light of the Flambeaus which burn all Night in the Apartments of those Eastern Princes, he saw a Man in her Arms! He stood unmoveable for a time, not knowing how to believe his own Eyes; but finding it was not to be doubted; How! says he to himself, I am scarce out of my Palace, and but just under the Walls of *Samarcande*, and dare they put such an Outrage upon me! Ah, perfidious Wretches, your Crime shall not go unpunish'd. As King, I am to punish Wickedness committed in my Dominions; and as an enrag'd Husband, I must sacrifice you to my just Resentment. In a Word, this unfortunate Prince, giving way to his Rage, drew his Cymiter, and approaching the Bed, kill'd them both with one Blow, turn'd their Sleep into Death: And afterwards taking them up, threw 'em out at a Window into the Ditch that surrounded the Palace.

Having aveng'd himself thus, he went out of Town privately, as he came into it, and returning to his Pavilion without saying one Word of what had happen'd; he order'd the Tents to be struck, and to make ready for his Journey. This was speedily done, and before Day he began his March, with Kettle-Drums, and other Instruments of Musick, that fill'd every one with Joy, except the King.

who was so much troubled at the Disloyalty of his Wife, that he was seized with extream Melancholy, which prey'd upon him during his whole Journey.

When he drew near the Capitol of the *Indies*, the Sultan *Schahriar*, and all his Court came out to meet him : The Princes were overjoy'd to see one another, and alighting, after mutual Embraces, and other Marks of Affection and Respect, they mounted again, and enter'd the City, with the Acclamations of vast Multitudes of People. The Sultan conducted his Brother to the Palace he had provided for him, which had a Communication with his own, by means of a Garden, and was so much the more magnificent, that it was set apart as a Banqueting-House for publick Entertainment and other Diversions of the Court, and the Splendor of it had been lately augmented by new Furniture.

Schahriar immediately left the King of *Tartary*, that he might give him time to bath himself, and to change his Apparel. And as soon as he had done, he came to him again, and they sat down together upon a *Sofa* or *Alcove*. The Courtiers kept at a distance, out of Respect, and those two Princes entertain'd one another suitably to their Friendship, their Nearness of Blood, and the long Separation that had been betwixt 'em. The Time of Supper being come, they eat together, after which they renew'd their Conversation, which continu'd till *Schahriar* perceiving that it was very late, left his Brother to his Rest.

The unfortunate *Schahzenan* went to Bed ; and tho' the Conversation of his Brother had suspended his Grief for some time, it return'd upon him with more Violence ; so that instead of taking his necessary Rest, he tormented himself with cruel Reflections : All the Circumstances of his Wife's Disloyalty represented themselves afresh to his Imagination, in so lively a Manner, that he was like one besides himself. In a Word, not being able to sleep, he got up, and giving himself over to afflicting Thoughts, they made such an Impression upon his Countenance, that the Sultan could not but take notice of it ; and said thus to himself, What can be the matter with the King of *Tartary*,
that

that he is so melancholy? Has he any Cause to complain of his Reception? No, surely, I have receiv'd him as a Brother whom I love, so that I can charge my self with no Omission in that respect. Perhaps it grieves him to be at such a Distance from his Dominions, or from the Queen, his Wife; Alas! If that be the Matter, I must forthwith give him the Presents I design'd for him, that he may return to *Samarcande* when he pleases. Actually next Day *Schahriar* sent him Part of those Presents, being the greatest Rarities, and the richest Things that the *Indies* could afford. At the same time he endeavour'd to divert his Brother every Day by new Objects of Pleasure, and the finest Treats; which instead of giving the King of *Tartary* any Ease, did only increase his Sorrow.

One Day *Schahriar* having appointed a great Hunting-match, about two Days Journey from his Capitol, in a Place that abounded with Deer; *Schahzenan* pray'd him to excuse him, for his Health would not allow him to bear him Company. The Sultan, unwilling to put any Constraint upon him, left him at his Liberty, and went a hunting with his Nobles. The King of *Tartary* being thus left alone, shut himself up in his Apartment, and sat down at a Window, that look'd into the Garden. That delicious Place, and the sweet Harmony of an infinite Number of Birds, which chose it for a Place of Retreat, must certainly have diverted him, had he been capable of taking pleasure in any thing; but being perpetually tormented with the fatal Remembrance of his Queen's infamous Conduct, his Eyes were not so often fix'd upon the Garden, as lifted up to Heav'n to bewail his Misfortune.

Whilst he was thus swallow'd up with Grief, an Object presented it self to his View, which quickly turn'd all his Thoughts another way. A secret Gate of the Sultan's Palace opened all of a sudden, and there came out at it 20 Women, in the midst of whom march'd the Sultaneſs, who was easily distinguish'd from the rest, by her Majestick Air. This Princess thinking that the King of *Tartary* was gone a hunting with his Brother the Sultan, came up with her Retinue near the Windows of his Apartment, for the Prince had plac'd himself so, that he could see all that pass'd

pass'd in the Garden, without being perceiv'd himself. He observ'd that the Persons who accompanied the Sultaneſs, threw off their Veils, and long Robes, that they might be at more Freedom, but was wonderfully surpriz'd when he ſaw ten of them to be Blacks, and that each of 'em took his Miſtreſs. The Sultaneſs, on her part, was not long without her Gallant. She clapp'd her Hands, and call'd *Mafoud*, *Mafoud*, and immediately a Black came down from a Tree, and run to her in all haſte.

Modesty will not allow, nor is it neceſſary to relate what paſs'd betwixt the Blacks and the Ladies. It's ſufficient to ſay, that *Schahzenan* ſaw enough to convince him, that his Brother had as much Cauſe to complain as himſelf. This amorous Company continued together til Midnight, and having bath'd all together in a great Pond, which was one of the chief Ornaments of the Garden, they dress'd themſelves, and re-entred the Palace by the ſecret Door, all except *Mafoud*, who climb'd up his Tree, and got over the Garden-Wall the ſame Way as he came in.

All this having paſſed in the King of *Tartary*'s Sight, it gave him occaſion to make a Multitude of Reflections. How little reaſon had I, ſays he, to think that no body was ſo unfortunate as my ſelf? It is certainly the unavoidable Fate of all Huſbands, ſince the Sultan my Brother, who is Sovereign of ſo many Dominions, and the greateſt Prince of the Earth, could not eſcape it. The Caſe being ſo, what a Fool am I to kill my ſelf with Grief! I'll throw it off, and the Remembrance of a Miſfortune ſo common, ſhall never after this diſturb my Quiet. So that from that Moment he forbore afflicting himſelf: Being unwilling to ſup, till he ſaw the whole Scene that was acted under his Windows. He called then for his Supper, eat with a better Appetite than he had done at any time after his coming from *Samarcande*, and liſtened with Pleaſure to the agreeable Conſort of vocal and inſtrumental Muſick, that was appointed to entertain him while at Table.

He continued after this to be of a very good Humour; and when he knew that the Sultan was returning, he went to meet him, and paid him his Complements, with a great deal

deal of Gaiety. *Schahriar* at first took no Notice of this great Alteration ; but expostulated with him modestly, why he wou'd not bear him company at hunting the Stag; and without giving him time to reply, entertain'd him with the great Number of Deer, and other Game, that he had kill'd, and what Pleasure he had in the Sport. *Schahzenan* heard him with Attention, gave Answers to every thing, and being rid of that Melancholy, which formerly over-clouded his Wit, he said a thousand agreeable and pleasant things to the Sultan.

Schahriar, who expected to have found him in the same Condition as he left him, was overjoy'd to see him so chearful; and spoke to him thus, Dear Brother, I return Thanks to Heaven for the happy Change it has made in you during my Absence; I am extreamly rejoyc'd at it; but I have a Request to make to you and conjure you not to deny me. I can refuse you nothing, replies the King of *Tartary*, you may command *Schahzenan* as you please; pray speak, I am impatient till I know what it is you desire of me. Ever since you came to my Court, replies *Schahriar*, I found you swallow'd up by a deep Melancholy, and I did in vain attempt to remove it by Diversions of all Sorts. I imagin'd it might be occasion'd by reason of your Distance from your Dominions, or that Love might have a great Share in it; and that the Queen of *Samarcande*, who, no doubt, is an accomplish'd Beauty, might be the Cause of it. I don't know if I be mistaken, but I must own, that this was the particular Reason why I would not importune you upon the Subject, for fear of making you uneasy. But without my being able to contribute any thing towards it, I find now upon my Return, that you are in the best Humour that can be, and that your Mind is entirely deliver'd from that black Vapour which disturb'd it. Pray do me the favour to tell me, why you were so melancholy, and how you came to be rid of it.

Upon this the King of *Tartary* continued for some time as if he had been in a Dream, and contriving what he should answer; but at last reply'd as follows; You are my Sultan and Master, but excuse me, I beseech you, from answering your Question. No, dear Brother, said the Sultan, you must

must answer, I will take no Denial. *Schahzenan* not being able to withstand those pressing Instances, answer'd; Well then, Brother, I will satisfy you, since you command me; and having told him the Story of the Queen of *Samaracande's* Treachery; This, says he, was the Cause of Grief; pray judge, whether I had not Reason enough to give my self up to it.

O! My Brother, says the Sultan, in a Tone which shew'd that he had the same Sentiments of the Matter with the King of *Tartary*: What a horrible Story do you tell me: How impatient was I, till I heard it out! I commend you for punishing the Traitors, who put such an Outrage upon you. No body can blame you for that Action; it was just, and for my part, had the Case been mine, I should scarce have been so moderate as you. I should not have satisfy'd my self with the Life of one Woman, I verily think I should have sacrificed a 1000 to my Fury. I cease now to wonder at your Melancholy. The Cause of it was too sensible, and too mortifying, not to make you yield to it. O Heaven! What a strange Adventure! Not I believe the like on't ever befel any Man, but your self. But in short, I must bless God, who has comforted you; and since I doubt not but your Consolation is well-grounded; be so good as to let me know what it is, and conceal nothing from me. *Schahzenan* was not so easily prevail'd upon in this Point, as he had been in the other, because of his Brother's Concern in it. But being obliged to yield to his pressing Instances, answer'd, I must obey you then, since your Command is absolute; yet am afraid that my Obedience will occasion your Trouble to be greater than ever mine was. But you must blame your self for it, since you force me to reveal a thing, which I should otherwise have buried in eternal Oblivion. What you say, answers *Schahriar*, serves only to encrease my Curiosity. Make haste to discover the Secret, whatever it be. The King of *Tartary* being no longer able to refuse, gave him the Particulars of all that he had seen of the Blacks in Disguise, of the lewd Passion of the Sultaneſs and her Ladies; and to be sure he did not forget *Mafoud*. After having been Witness to those infamous Actions, says he, I believed all Women to be

be naturally that way inclin'd; and that they could not resist those violent Desires. Being of this Opinion, it seem'd to me to be an unaccountable Weakness in Men, to make themselves uneasy at their Infidelity. This Reflection brought many others along with it, and, in short, I thought it the best thing I could do, to make my self easy. It cost me some Pains indeed, but at last I effected it, and if you'll take my Advice, you shall follow my Example.

Tho' the Advice was good, the Sultan could not take it, but fell into a Rage. What! says he, is the Sultaneess of the *Indies* capable of prostituting her self in so base a manner! No, Brother, I can't believe what you say, except I saw it with my Eyes; yours must needs have deceiv'd you; the Matter is so important, that I must be satisfied of it my self. Dear Brother, answers *Schahzenan*, that you may without much Difficulty. Appoint another Hunting-Match, and when we are out of Town with your Court and mine, we will stop under our Pavilions, and at Night let you and I return alone to my Apartment; I am certain that next Day you will see what I saw. The Sultan approv'd the Stratagem, immediately appointed a new Hunting-March. And that same Day the Pavilions were set up at the Place appointed.

Next Day, the two Princes set out with all their Retinue; they arriv'd at the Place of Encampment, and stay'd there till Night. Then *Schahriar* call'd his Grand Visier, and without acquainting him with his Design, commanded him to stay in his Place during his Absence, and to suffer no Person to go out of the Camp, upon any Account whatever. As soon as he had given this Order, the King of *Grand Tartar*, and he took Horie, pass'd through the Camp *incognito*, return'd to the City, and went to *Schahzenan's* Apartment. They had scarce plac'd themselves in the same Window where the King of *Tartary* had seen the disguised Blacks act their Scene, but the secret Gate open'd, the Sultaneess and her Ladies enter'd the Garden with the Blacks, and she having call'd upon *Masoud*, the Sultan saw more than enough to convince him plainly of his Dishonour and Misfortune.

O Heavens, cry'd he, What Indignity ! What Horror ! can the Wife of a Sovereign, such as I am, be capable of such an infamous Action ? After this, let no Prince boast of his being perfectly happy. Alas ! My Brother, continues he, (embracing the King of *Tartary*) let's both renounce the World ; Honesty is banish'd out of it ; if it flatter us the one Day, it betrays us the next ; let us abandon our Dominions and Grandeur ; let us go into foreign Countries, where we may lead an obscure Life, and conceal our Misfortune. *Schahzenan* did not at all approve of this Resolution, but did not think fit to contradict *Schahriar* in the Heat of his Passion. Dear Brother, says he, your Will shall be mine ; I am ready to follow you whither you please ; but promise me that you will return, if we can meet with any one that is more unhappy than our selves. I agree to it, says the Sultan, but doubt much whether we shall. I am not of your Mind in this, replies the King of *Tartary*, I fancy our Journey will be but short. Having said thus, they went secretly out of the Palace by another Way than they came. They travell'd as long as 'twas Day, and lay the first Night under the Trees, and getting up about Break of Day, they went on till they came to a fine Meadow upon the Bank of the Sea, in which Meadow there were Tufts of great Trees at some distance from one another. They sat down under those Trees to rest and refresh themselves, and the chief Subject of their Conversation, was the Lewdness of their Wives.

They had not sat long, till they heard a frightful Noise, and a terrible Cry from the Sea, which fill'd them with Fear ; then the Sea opening, there rose up a Thing like a great black Column, which reach'd almost to the Clouds. This redoubled their Fear, made them rise speedily, and climb up into a Tree to hide themselves. They had scarce got up, till looking to the Place from whence the Noise came, and where the Sea open'd, they observed that the black Column advanced, winding about towards the Shoar, cleaving the Water before it. They could not at first think what it should be, but in a little time they found,

That it was one of those malignant *Genies*, that are mortal Enemies to Mankind, and always doing them Mis-
chief.

chief. He was black, frightful, had the Shape of a Giant, of a prodigious Stature, and carried on his Head a great Glais-Box, shut with four Locks of fine Steel. He entered the Meadow with his Burden, which he laid down just at the Foot of the Tree where the two Princes were, who looked upon themselves to be dead Men. Mean while, the *Genie* sat down by his Box, and opening it with four Keys that he had at his Girdle, there came out a Lady magnificently appavelled, of a Majestick Stature, and a compleat Beauty. The Monster made her sit down by him, and eying her with an amorous Look: Lady (says he) nay, most accomplished of all Ladies, who are admired for their Beauty, my charming Mistress, whom I carried off on your Wedding-Day, and have loved so constantly ever since, let me sleep a few Moments by you; for I found my self so very sleepy, that I came to this Place to take a little Rest. Having spoke thus, he laid down his huge Head upon the Lady's Knees, and stretching out his Legs, which reached as far as the Sea, he fell asleep presently, and snor'd so, that he made the Banks to eccho again.

The Lady happening at the same time to look up to the Tree saw the two Princes, and made a Sign to them with her Hand to come down without making any Noise. Their Fear was extraordinary, when they found themselves discovered, and they prayed the Lady, by other Signs, to excuse them; but she, after having laid the Monster's Head softly down, rose up, and spoke to them with a low, but quick Voice, to come down to her; she would take no Denial. They made Signs to her that they were afraid of the *Genie*, and would fain have been excused. Upon which she order'd them to come down, and if they did not make haste, threatned to awake the Giant, and bid him kill them.

Those Words did so much intimidate the Princes, that they began to come down with all possible Precautions, lest they should awake the *Genie*. When they came down, the Lady took them by the Hand, and going a little further with them under the Trees, made a very urgent Proposal to them. At first they rejected it, but she obliged them to accept it by her Treats. Having obtained what
she

she desired, she perceiv'd that each of 'em had a Ring on his Finger, which she demanded of 'em. As soon as she receiv'd them, she went and took a Box out of the Bundle where her Toilet was, pull'd out a String of other Rings of all sorts, which she shew'd them, and ask'd them if they knew what those Jewels meant : No, say they, we hope you will be pleas'd to tell us. These are, replies she, the Rings of all the Men to whom I have granted my Favour. There are full fourscore and eighteen of 'em, which I keep as Tokens to remember them; and I ask'd yours for the same Reason, to make up my hundred. So that, continues she, I have had an hundred Gallants already, notwithstanding the Vigilance of this wicked *Genie*, that never leaves me. He is much the nearer for locking me up in this Glass-Box, and hiding me in the Bottom of the Sea : I find a Way to cheat him for all his Care. You may see by this, that when a Woman has form'd a Project, there's no Husband or Gallant that can hinder her putting it in Execution. Men had better not put their Wives under such Restraint, if they have a mind they should be chaste. Having spoke thus to them, she put their Rings upon the same String with the rest, and sitting her down by the Monster, as before, laid his Head again upon her Lap, and made a Sign for the Princes to be gone.

They return'd immediately by the same way they came, and when they were out of Sight of the Lady and the *Genie*, *Schahriar* says to *Schahzenan*; Well, Brother, what do you think of this Adventure? Has not the *Genie* a very faithful Mistress? And don't you agree that there's no Wickedness equal to that of Women? Yes, Brother, answers the King of *Great Tartary*; and you must also agree, that the Monster is more unfortunate, and has more Reason to complain than we. Therefore, since we have found what we sought for, let's return to our Dominions, and let not this hinder us to marry again. For my part, I know a Method by which I think I shall keep inviolable the Faith that any Wife shall plight to me. I will say no more of it at present, but you will hear of it in a little Time, and I am sure you will follow my Example. The Sultan agreed with

with his Brother, and continuing their Journey, they arrived in the Camp the third Night after they left it.

The News of the Sultan's Return being spread, the Courtiers came betimes in the Morning before his Pavilion to wait on him. He order'd them to enter, receiv'd them with a more pleasant Air than formerly, and gave each of them a Gratification. After which, he told 'em he would go no further, order'd them to take Horfe, and return'd speedily to his Palace.

As soon as ever he arriv'd, he run to the Sultaneſs's Apartment, commanded her to be bound before him, and deliver'd her to his Grand Viſier, with an Order to ſtrangle her, which was accordingly executed by that Miniſter, without enquiring into her Crime. The enraged Prince did not ſtop here, he cut off the Heads of all the Sultaneſs's Ladies with his own Hand. After this rigorous Punishment, being perſwaded that no Woman was chaſte, he reſolv'd, in order to prevent the Diſloyalty of ſuch as he ſhould afterwards marry, to wed one every Night, and have her ſtrangled next Morning. Having impos'd this cruel Law upon himſelf, he ſwore that he would obſerve it immediately after the Departure of the King of *Tartary*, who ſpeedily took leave of him, and being loaden with magnificent Preſents, ſet forward on his Journey.

Schahzenan being gone, *Schahriar* order'd his Grand Viſier to bring him the Daughter of one of his Generals. The Viſier obey'd; the Sultan lay with her, and putting her next Morning into his Hands again in order to be ſtrangled, commanded him to get him another next Night. Whatever Reluctancy the Viſier had to put ſuch Orders in Execution, as he ow'd blind Obedience to the Sultan his Maſter, he was forc'd to ſubmit. He brought him then the Daughter of a Subaltern, whom he alſo cut off next Day. After her he brought a Citizen's Daughter; and, in a word, there was every Day a Maid married, and a Wife murdered.

The Rumour of this unparallel'd Barbarity, occasion'd a general Conſternation in the City, where there was nothing but Crying and Lamentation. Here a Father in Tears, and unſolable for the Loſs of his Daughter; and
there

there tender Mothers dreading lest theirs should have the same Fate, making the Air to resound beforehand with their Groans. So that instead of the Commendations and Blessings which the Sultan had hitherto receiv'd from his Subjects, their Mouths were now fill'd with Imprecations against him.

The Grand Visier, who, as has been already said, was the Executioner of this horrid Injustice against his Will, had two Daughters, the eldest call'd *Scheherazade*, and the youngest *Dinarzade*; the latter was a Lady of very great Merit; but the elder had Courage, Wit, and Penetration infinitely above her Sex; she had read abundance, and had such a prodigious Memory, that she never forgot any thing. She had successfully applied her self to *Philosophy*, *Physick*, *History*, and the Liberal Arts; and for Verse exceeded the best Poets of her Time: Besides this, she was a perfect Beauty, and all her fine Qualifications were crown'd by solid Virtue.

The Visier passionately loved a Daughter so worthy of his tender Affection; and one Day as they were discoursing together, she says to him, Father, I have one Favour to beg of you, and most humbly pray you to grant it me. I will not refuse it, answers he, provided it be just and reasonable. For the Justness of it, says she, there can be no Question, and you may judge of it by the Motive which obliges me to demand it of you. I have a Design to stop the Course of that Barbarity which the Sultan exercises upon the Families of this City. I would dispel those unjust Fears which so many Mothers have of losing their Daughters in such a fatal manner. Your Design, Daughter, replies the Visier, is very commendable; but the Disease you would remedy, to me seems incurable; how do you pretend to affect it? Father, says *Scheherazade*, since by your means the Sultan makes every Day a new Marriage, I conjure you by the tender Affection you bear to me, to procure me the Honour of his Bed. The Visier could not hear this without Horror. O Heaven! replies he in a Passion, Have you lost your Senses Daughter, that you make such a dangerous Request to me? You know the Sultan has sworn by his Soul, that he will never lie above one Night with the same

Wo-

Woman, and to order her to be kill'd next Morning, and would you that I should propose you to him? Pray consider well to what your indiscreet Zeal will expose you. Yes, dear Father, replies the virtuous Daughter, I know the Risk I run, but that does not frighten me. If I perish, my Death will be glorious; and if I succeed, I shall do my Country an important Piece of Service. No, no, says the Visier, whatever you can represent to engage me to let you throw your self into that horrible Danger, don't you think ever I will agree to it. When the Sultan shall order me to strike my Poniard into your Heart, alas! I must obey him, and what a dismal Employment is that for a Father? Ah! if you don't fear Death, yet at least be afraid of occasioning me the mortal Grief of seeing my Hand stain'd with your Blood. Once more, Father, says *Scheherazade*, grant me the Favour I beg. Your Stubbornness, replies the Visier, will make me angry, why will you run headlong to your Ruin? They that don't foresee the End of a dangerous Enterprize, can never bring it to an happy Issue. I am afraid the same thing will happen to you, that happen'd to the Afs, which was well, and could not keep himself so. What Misfortune befel the Afs, replies *Scheherazade*? I'll tell it you, says the Visier, if you'll hear me.

F A B L E.

The Afs, the Ox, and the Labourer.

A Very rich Merchant had several Country Houses, where he had abundance of Cattle of all Sort. He went with his Wife and Family to one of those Estates, in order to improve it himself. He had the Gift of understanding the Language of Beasts, but with this Condition, that he should interpret it to no body on Pain of Death, and this hinder'd him to communicate to others what he learn'd by means of this Gift.

He had in the same Stall, an Ox and an Afs; and one Day as he sat near them, and diverted himself to see his Children play about him, he heard the Ox say to the Afs, *Sprightly*: O how happy do I think you, when I consider the Ease you

you enjoy, and the little Labour that's requir'd of you. You are carefully rubb'd down and wash'd, you have well-drest Corn, and fresh clean Water. Your greatest Business is to carry the Merchant our Master, when he has any little Journey to make, and were it not for that you would be perfectly idle. I am treated in a quite different Manner, and my Condition is as unfortunate, as yours is pleasant. It's scarce Day-light when I am fasten'd to a Plow, and there they make me work till Night, to till up the Ground; which fatigues me so, that sometimes my Strength fails me. Besides, the Labourer, who is always behind me, beats me continually. By drawing the Plow, my Tail is all flea'd; and in short, after having laboured from Morning till Night, when I am brought in, they give me nothing to eat but sorry dry Beans, not so much as cleans'd from Sand, or other things as pernicious; and to heighten my Misery, when I have fill'd my Belly with such ordinary Stuff, I am forc'd to lie all Night in my own Dung; so that you see I have reason to envy your Lot.

The As did not interrupt the Ox, till he had said all that he had a mind to say; but when he had made an end, he answer'd, they that call you a foolish Beast don't lye; you are too simple, you let them carry you whither they please, and shew no manner of Resolution. In the mean time, what Advantage do you reap by all the Indignities you suffer? You kill your self for the Ease, Pleasure and Profit of those that give you no thanks for so doing. But they would not treat you so, if you had as much Courage as Strength.

When they come to fasten you to the Stall, why don't you make Resistance? why don't you strike them with your Horns, and shew that you are angry, by striking your Foot against the Ground? And in short, why don't you frighten them by bellowing aloud? Nature has furnish'd you with means to procure you Respect, but you don't make use of them. They bring you sorry Beans, and bad Straw; eat none of 'em, only smell to 'em and leave 'em. If you follow the Advice I give you, you will quickly find a Change, for which you will thank me. The Ox took the As's Advice in very good part, and own'd he was very
much

much oblig'd to him for it. Dear *Sprightly*, adds he, I will not fail to do all that you have said, and you shall see how I shall acquit my self. They held their Peace after this Discourse, of which the Merchant heard every Word.

Next Morning betimes, the Labourer comes to take the Ox: He fastned him to the Plow, and carried him to his ordinary Work. The Ox, who had not forgot the Afs's Counsel, was very troublesome and untowardly all that Day, and in the Evening, when the Labourer brought him back to the Stall, and began to fasten him to it, the malicious Beast, instead of presenting his Horns willingly as he us'd to do, was restive, and went backward bellowing; and then made at the Labourer as if he would have push'd him with his Horns: In a word, he did all that the Afs advis'd him to. Next Day the Labourer came as usual, to take the Ox to his Labour; but finding the Stall full of Beans, the Straw that he put in it the Night before not touch'd, and the Ox lying on the Ground with his Legs stretch'd out, and panting in a strange manner, he believ'd him to be sick, pity'd him, and thinking that it was not proper to carry him to work, went immediately and acquainted the Merchant with it.

Who perceiving that the Ox had follow'd all the mischievous Advices of the Afs whom he thought fit to punish for it, he ordered the Labourer to go and put the Afs in the Ox's Place, and to be sure to work him hard. The Labourer did so, the Afs was forc'd to draw the Plow all that Day, which fatigued him so much the more, that he was not accusom'd to that Sort of Labour; besides, he had been so soundly beat, that he could scarce stand when he came back.

Mean while the Ox was mightily pleas'd, he eat up all that was in his Stall, and rested himself the whole Day. He was glad at the Heart that he had follow'd the Afs's Advice, blessed him a thousand times for it, and did not fail to complement him upon it, when he saw him come back. The Afs answer'd not one Word, so vex'd was he to be so ill treated; but says within himself, it's by my own Imprudence I have brought this Misfortune upon my self; I liv'd happily, every thing smil'd upon me, I had all that I could wish, it's my own Fault that I am brought to this miserable Condition;

tion; and if I can't contrive some way to get out of it, I am certainly undone; and as he spoke thus, his Strength was so much exhausted, that he fell down at his Stall, as if he had been half dead.

Here the Grand Visier address'd himself to *Scheherazade*, and said: Daughter, you do just like the Afs, you will expose your self to Destruction by your false Prudence. Take my Advice, be easy, and don't take such Measures as will hasten your Death. Father, replies *Scheherazade*, the Example you bring me, is not capable of making me change my Resolution; I will never cease importuning you until you present me to the Sultan to be his Bride. The Visier perceiving that she insisted in her Demand, reply'd, Alas then! Since you will continue obstinate, I shall be obliged to treat you in the same manner as the Merchant I nam'd just now treated his Wife a little time after.

The Merchant understanding that the Afs was in a lamentable Condition, was curious to know what pass'd betwixt him and the Ox; therefore, after Supper, he went out by Moon-light, and sat down by them, his Wife bearing him Company. When he arriv'd, he heard the Afs say to the Ox, Comrade, tell me, I pray you, what you intend to do to-morrow, when the Labourer brings you Meat? What will I do, says the Ox, I will continue to do as you taught me. I will go off from him, and threaten him with my Horns, as I did Yesterday; I will feign my self to be sick and just ready to die. Beware of that, replies the Afs, it will ruin you; for as I came home this Evening, I heard the Merchant, our Master, say something that makes me tremble for you. Alas! What did you hear says the Ox? As you love me, hide nothing from me, my dear *Sprightly*. Our Master, replied the Afs, had these sad Expressions to the Labourer: Since the Ox does not eat, and is not able to work, I would have him kill'd to-morrow, and we will give his Flesh as an Alms to the Poor for God's sake; as for his Skin, that will be of Use to us, and I would have you give it the Currier to dress, therefore don't fail, but send for the Butcher. This is what I had to tell you, says the Afs. The Concern I have for your Preservation, and my Friendship for you, oblig'd me to let you know it, and to give

give you new Advice. As soon as they bring you your Bran and Straw, rise up and eat heartily. Our Master will by this think that you are cur'd, and no doubt will recal his Orders for killing you; whereas if you do otherwise, you are certainly gone.

This Discourse had the effect which the Afs design'd. The Ox was strangely troubled at it, and bellow'd out for Fear. The Merchant, who heard the Discourse very attentively, fell into such a Fit of Laughter, that his Wife was surpriz'd at it, and said, Pray Husband tell me what you laugh at so heartily, that I may laugh with you. Wife, says he, you must content your self with hearing me laugh. No, replies she, I will know the Reason. I cannot give you that Satisfaction, answers he, but only that I laugh at what our Afs just now said to our Ox. The rest is a Secret, which I am not allow'd to reveal. And what hinders you from revealing the Secret, says she? If I tell it you, answers he, it will cost me my Life. You only jeer me, cry'd his Wife, what you tell me now cannot be true. If you don't satisfy me presently what you laugh at, and tell me what the Ox and Afs said to one another, I swear by Heaven that you and I shall never bed together again.

Having spoke thus, she went into the House in a great Fret, and setting her self in a Corner, cried there all Night. Her Husband lay alone, and finding next Morning that she continued in the same Humour, told her, she was a very foolish Woman to afflict her self in that manner, the thing was not worth so much, and that it did concern her as little to know the matter, as it concern'd him much to keep it secret. Therefore I conjure you to think no more of it. I shall still think so much of it, says she, as never to forbear weeping till you have satisfy'd my Curiosity. But I tell you very seriously, replied he, that it will cost me my Life, if I yield to your Indiscretion. Let what will happen, says she, I do insist upon it. I perceive, says the Merchant, that 'tis impossible to bring you to Reason, and since I foresee that you will occasion your own Death by your Obstinacy, I will call in your Children, that they may see you before you die. Accordingly he call'd for 'em, and sent for her Father and Mother, and other Relations. When they

were come, and heard the Reason of their being call'd for, they did all they could to convince her that she was in the wrong, but to no purpose: She told 'em she would rather die than yield that Point to her Husband. Her Father and Mother spoke to her by her self, and told her that what she desired to know was of no Importance to her, but they could gain nothing upon her either by their Authority or Intreaties. When her Children saw that nothing would prevail to bring her out of that sullen Temper, they wept bitterly. The Merchant himself was like a Man out of his Senses, and was almost ready to risk his own Life, to save that of his Wife, whom he lov'd dearly.

Now, my Daughter, says the Visier to *Scheherazade*, this Merchant had fifty Hens, and a Cock, with a Dog that gave good heed to all that pass'd, and while the Merchant was set down, as I said, and considering what he had best to do, he sees his Dog run toward the Cock, as he was treading a Hen, and heard him speak to him thus; Cock, says he, I am sure Heaven will not let you live long, are you not asham'd to do that thing to-day? The Cock standing up on tiptoe, answers the Dog fiercely, And why, says he, should I not do into-day as well as other Days? If you don't know, replies the Dog, then I tell you, that this Day our Master is in great Perplexity. His Wife would have him reveal a Secret which is of such a Nature, that it will cost him his Life if he doth it. Things are come to that pass, that it is to be fear'd he will scarcely have Resolution enough to resist his Wife's Obstinacy; for he loves her, and is affected with the Tears that she continually sheds, and perhaps it may cost him his Life. We are all alarm'd at it, and you only insult our Melancholy, and have the Impudence to divert your self with your Hens.

The Cock answer'd the Dogs Reproof thus: What, has our Master so little Sense? He has but one Wife, and can't govern her, and tho' I have Fifty, I make them all do what I please. Let him make use of his Reason, he will speedily find a Way to rid himself of his Trouble. Ho, says the Dog, what would you have him do? Let him go into the Room where his Wife is, says the Cock, lock the Door,

Door, and take a good Stick and tresh her well, and I'll answer for it, that will bring her to her right Wits, and make her forbear to ask him any more what he ought not to tell her. The Merchant had no sooner heard what the Cock said, but he took up a good Stick, went to his Wife, whom he found still a crying, and shutting the Door, belabour'd her so soundly, that she cried out, *It is enough, Husband, it is enough, let me alone, and I will never ask the Questions more.* Upon this, perceiving that she repented of her impertinent Curiosity, he forbore drubbing her, and opening the Door, her Friends came in, were glad to find her cur'd of her Obstinacy, and complimented her Husband upon this happy Expedient to bring his Wife to Reason. Daughter, adds the Grand Visier, you deserve to be treated as the Merchant treated his Wife.

Father, replies *Scheherazade*, I beg you would not take it ill that I persist in my Opinion. I am nothing moved by the Story of that Woman. I can tell you abundance of others, to persuade you that you ought not to oppose my Design. Besides, pardon me for declaring to you, that your opposing me would be in vain; for if your Paternal Affection should hinder you to grant my Request, I would go and offer my self to the Sultan. In short, the Father being overcome by the Resolution of his Daughter, yielded to her Importunity, and tho' he was very much griev'd that he could not divert her from such a fatal Resolution, he went that Minute to acquaint the Sultan, that next Night he would bring him *Scheherazade*.

The Sultan was much surpriz'd at the Sacrifice which the Grand Visier made to him. How could you resolve upon it, says he, to bring me your own Daughter? Sir, answers the Visier, it's her own Offer. The sad Destiny that attends it could not scare her, she prefers the Honour of being your Majesty's Wife one Night, to her Life. But don't mistake your self, Visier, says the Sultan, to-morrow when I put *Scheherazade* into your Hands, I expect you should take away her Life, and if you fail, I swear that you your self shall die. Sir, rejoins the Visier, my Heart without doubt will be full of Grief to execute your Commands, but it is to no purpose for Nature to murmur, tho' I be her

Father, I will answer for the Fidelity of my Hand to obey your Order. *Schabriar* accepted his Minister's Offer, and told him he might bring his Daughter when he pleas'd.

The Grand Visier went with the News to *Scheherazade*, who receiv'd it with as much Joy, as if it had been the most agreeable thing in the World; she thank'd her Father for having obliged her in so sensible a manner, and perceiving that he was overwhelmed with Grief, she told him, in order to his Consolation, that she hop'd he would never repent his having married her to the Sultan; but that on the contrary, he should have cause to rejoice in it all his Days.

All her Business was to put her self in a Condition to appear before the Sultan; but before she went, she took her Sister *Dinarzade* apart, and says to her, My dear Sister, I have need of your Help in a Matter of very great Importance, and must pray you not to deny it me. My Father is going to carry me to the Sultan to be his Wife, don't let this frighten you, but hear me with Patience. As soon as I am come to the Sultan, I will pray him to allow you to lie in the Bride-Chamber, that I may enjoy your Company this one Night more. If I obtain that Favour as I hope to do, remember to awake me to-morrow, an Hour before Day, and to address me in these or some such Words. *My Sister, if you be not asleep, I pray you that till Day break, which will be very speedily, you would tell me one of the fine Stories of which you have read so many.* Immediately I will tell you one; and I hope by this means to deliver the City from the Consternation they are under at present. *Dinarzade* answer'd, That she would obey with Pleasure, what she requir'd of her.

The time of going to Bed being come, the grand Visier conducted *Scheherazade* to the Palace, and retir'd after having introduc'd her to the Sultan's Apartment. As soon as the Sultan was left alone with her, he order'd her to uncover her Face, and found it so beautiful, that he was perfectly charm'd with her; and perceiving her to be in Tears, ask'd her the reason. Sir, answer'd *Scheherazade*, I have a Sister, who loves me tenderly, as I do her; and I could wish that she might be allow'd to be all Night in this Chamber, that I might see her, and bid her once more adieu.

Will

Will you be pleas'd to allow me the Comfort of giving her this last Testimony of my Friendship. *Schabriar* having consented to it, *Dinarzade* was sent for, who came with all possible Diligence. The Sultan went to Bed with *Scheherazade*, upon an *Alcove* rais'd very high, according to the Custom of the Monarchs of the East, and *Dinarzade* lay in a Bed that was prepared for her, near the Foot of the *Alcove*.

An Hour before Day, *Dinarzade* being awake, fail'd not to do as her Sister order'd her. My dear Sister, cries she, if you be not asleep, I pray, until Day break, which will be in a very little time, that you will tell me one of those pleasant Stories you have read; Alas! this may perhaps be the last time that ever I shall have that Satisfaction.

Scheherazade, instead of answering her Sister, address'd her self to the Sultan, thus: Sir, will your Majesty be pleas'd to allow me to give my Sister this Satisfaction? With all my Heart, answers the Sultan. Then *Scheherazade* bid her Sister listen, and afterwards addressing her self to *Schabriar*, begun thus,

The First Night.

The Merchant and the Genie.

S I R,

THERE was formerly a Merchant, who had a great Estate in Lands, Goods, and Money. He had abundance of Deputies, Factors, and Slaves. He was oblig'd from time to time, to take Journies; and talk with his Correspondents; and one Day being under a necessity of going a long Journey, about an Affair of Importance, he took Horse, and put a Portmanteau behind him, with some Biskets and Dates, because he had a great Desert to pass over, where he could have no manner of Provisions. He arriv'd without any Accident at the end of his Journey; and having dispatch'd his Affairs, took Horse again, in order to return home.

The fourth Day of his Journey, he was so much incommoded by the heat of the Sun, and the Reflexion of that heat

heat from the Earth, that he turn'd out of the Road, to refresh himself under some Trees that he saw in the Country. There he found at the Root of a great Walnut Tree, a Fountain of very clear running Water, and alighting, tied his Horse to a Branch of a Tree, and sitting down by the Fountain, took some Dates out of his Portmanteau, and as he eat his Dates, threw the Shells about on both sides of him. When he had done eating, being a good Muffulman, he wash'd his Hands, his Face, and his Feet, and said his Prayers. He had not made an end, but was still on his Knees, when he saw a *Genie* appear, all white with Age, and of a monstrous Bulk; who advancing towards him with a Scimiter in his Hand, spoke to him in a terrible Voice, thus: Rise up, that I may kill thee with this Scimiter, as you have kill'd my Son; and accompanied those Words with a frightful Cry. The Merchant being as much frightned at the hideous Shape of the Monster, as at those threatning Words, answer'd him trembling. Alas! my good Lord, of what Crime can I be guilty towards you, that you should take away my Life? I will, replies the *Genie*, kill thee, as thou hast kill'd my Son? O Heaven! says the Merchant, how should I kill your Son, I did not know him, nor ever saw him. Did not you sit down when you came hither, replies the *Genie*? Did not you take Dates out of your Portmanteau, and as you eat 'em, did not you throw the Shells about on both sides? I did all that you say, answers the Merchant, I cannot deny it. If it be so, replied the *Genie*, I tell thee, that thou hast kill'd my Son; and the Way was thus: When you threw your Nut-shells about, my Son was passing by, and you threw one of 'em into his Eye, which kill'd him; therefore I must kill thee. Ah! my Lord, pardon me! cry'd the Merchant. No Pardon, answers the *Genie*, no Mercy. Is it not just to kill him that has kill'd another? I agree to it, says the Merchant, but certainly I never kill'd your Son; and if I have, it was unknown to me, and I did it innocently; therefore I beg you to pardon me, and to suffer me to live. No, no, says the *Genie*, persisting in his Resolution, I must kill thee, since thou hast kill'd my Son; and then taking the Merchant by the

the Arm, threw him with his Face upon the Ground, and lifted up his Scimiter, to cut off his Head.

The Merchant all in Tears, protested he was innocent, bewail'd his Wife and Children, and spoke to the *Genie* in the most moving Expressions that could be uttered. The *Genie*, with his Scimiter still lifted up, had so much Patience, as to hear the Wretch make an end of his Lamentations, but would not relent. All this whining, says the Monster, is to no purpose, tho' you should shed Tears of Blood, that shall not hinder me to kill thee, as thou kill'dst my Son. Why! replied the Merchant, can nothing prevail with you; will you absolutely take away the Life of a poor Innocent. Yes, replied the *Genie*, I am resolv'd upon it. As she had spoke those Words, perceiving it was Day, and knowing that the Sultan rose betimes in the Morning to say his Prayers, and hold his Council, *Scheherazade*, held her Peace. Lord! Sister, says *Dinarzade*, what a wonderful Story is this. The Remainder of it, says *Scheherazade*, is more surprizing, and you will be of my mind, if the Sultan will let me live this Day, and permit me to tell it you next Night. *Schahriar*, who had listned to *Scheherazade* with Pleasure, says to himself, I will stay till tomorrow, for I can at any time put her to death when she has made an end of the Story: So having resolved not to take away *Scheherazade*'s Life that Day, he rose and went to his Prayers, and then call'd his Council.

All this while the Grand Visier was terrible uneasy. Instead of sleeping, he spent the Night in Sighs and Groans, bewailing the Lot of his Daughter, of whom he believ'd that he himself should be the Executioner. And as in this melancholy Prospect, he was afraid of seeing the Sultan; he was agreeably surpriz'd, when he saw the Prince enter the Council-Chamber without giving him the fatal Orders he expected.

The Sultan according to his Custom, spent the Day in regulating his Affairs; and when Night came, he went to Bed with *Scheherazade*. Next Morning before Day, *Dinarzade* fail'd not to address her self to her Sister, thus: My dear Sister, if you be not asleep, I pray you till Day break, which must be in a very little time, to go on with

the Story you began last Night. The Sultan, without staying till *Scheherazade* ask'd him leave, bid her make an end of the Story of the *Genie* and the Merchant, for I long to hear the Issue of it; upon which *Scheherazade* spoke, and continued the Story as follows.

The Second Night.

WHen the Merchant saw that the *Genie* was going to cut off his Head, he cry'd out aloud, and said to him, for Heav'n's sake hold your Hand! Allow me one Word, be so good as to grant me some respite, allow me but time to bid my Wife and Children adieu, and to divide my Estate among them by Will, that they may not go to Law with one another after my Death; and when I have done so, I will come back to this same Place, and submit to whatever you shall please to order concerning me. But, says the *Genie*, if I grant you the time you demand, I doubt you'll never return: If you will believe my Oath, answers the Merchant, I swear by all that's Sacred, that I will come and meet you here without fail. What time do you demand then, replies the *Genie*? I ask a Year, says the Merchant; I cannot have less to order my Affairs, and to prepare my self to die without Regret. But I promise you, that this Day twelve Months I will return under these Trees, to put my self into your Hands. Do you take Heav'n to be Witness to this Promise, says the *Genie*? I do, answers the Merchant, and repeat it, and you may rely upon my Oath. Upon this the *Genie* left him near the Fountain, and disappear'd.

The Merchant being recover'd from his Fright, mounted his Horse, and set forward on his Journey; and as he was glad on the one hand that he had escap'd so great a Danger, so he was mortally sorry on the other, when he thought on his fatal Oath. When he came home, his Wife and Children receiv'd him with all the Demonstrations of a perfect Joy. But he, instead of making them answer-

able Returns, fell a weeping bitterly; from whence they really conjectur'd, that something extraordinary had befallen him. His Wife ask'd the Reason of his excessive Grief and Tears: We are all overjoy'd, says she, at your Return, but you frighten us to see you in this Condition; pray tell us the Cause of your Sorrow. Alas! replies the Husband, the Cause of it is, That I have but a Year to live; and then told what had pass'd betwixt him and the *Genie*, and that he had given him his Oath to return at the end of the Year, to receive Death from his Hands.

When they heard this sad News, they all began to lament heartily: His Wife made a pitiful Out-cry, beat her Face, and tore her Hair. The Children being all in Tears, made the House resound with their Groans; and the Father, not being able to overcome Nature, mix'd his Tears with theirs: So that, in a word, it was the most affecting Spectacle that any Man could behold.

Next Morning, the Merchant applied himself to put his Affairs in order; and first of all, to pay his Debts. He made Presents to his Friends, gave great Alms to the Poor, set his Slaves of both Sexes at Liberty, divided his Estate among his Children, appointed Guardians for such of them as were not come of Age; and restoring to his Wife all that was due to her by Contract of Marriage, he gave her over and above all that he could do by Law.

At last the Year expir'd, and go he must. He put his Burial Cloaths in his Portmanteau; but never was there such Grief seen, as when he came to bid his Wife and Children adieu. They could not think of parting, but resolv'd to go along and to die with him; but finding that he must be forc'd to part with those dear Objects, he spoke to 'em thus: My dear Wife and Children, says he, I obey the Order of Heaven, in quitting you, follow my Example, submit courageously to this Necessity, and consider that it's the Destiny of Man to die. Having said these Words, he went out of the hearing of the Cries of his Family, and taking his Journey, arriv'd at the Place where he promis'd to meet the *Genie*, on the Day appointed. He alighted, and setting himself down by the Fountain, waited the coming of the

Genie, with all the Sorrow imaginable. Whilst he languish'd in this cruel Expectation, a good old Man leading a Bitch, appeared and drew near him; they saluted one another, after which the old Man says to him, Brother, may I ask you why you are come into this desert Place, where there's nothing but evil Spirits, and by Consequence you cannot be safe. To look upon these fine Trees, indeed one would think the Place inhabited, but it is a true Wilderness, where it is not safe to stay long.

The Merchant satisfy'd his Curiosity, and told him the Adventure which obliged him to be there. The old Man listen'd to him with Astonishment, and when he had done, cry'd out, This is the most surprising thing in the World, and you are bound by the most inviolable Oath; however, I will be Witness of your Interview with the *Genie*; and sitting down by the Merchant, they talk'd together. But the next Day, says *Scheherazade*, and must leave off; yet the best of the Story is yet to come. The Sultan resolving to hear the end of it, suffer'd her to live that Day also.

The Third Night.

NEXT Morning *Dinarzade* made the same Request to her Sister as formerly, thus: My dear Sister, says she, if you be not asleep, tell me one of those pleasant Stories, that you have read. But the Sultan, willing to understand what follow'd betwixt the Merchant and the *Genie*, bid her go on with that, which she did as follows.

Sir, while the Merchant, and the old Man that led the Bitch, were talking; they saw another old Man coming to them, follow'd by two black Dogs: After they had saluted one another, he ask'd them what they did in that Place. The old Man with the Bitch told him the Adventure of the Merchant and *Genie*, with all that had past betwixt them, particularly the Merchant's Oath. He added that this was the Day agreed on, and that he was resolv'd to stay and see the Issue.

The second old Man, thinking it also worth his Curiosity, resolv'd to do the like: He likewise sat down by them,

them, and they had scarce begun to talk together, but there came a third old Man, who addressing himself to the two former, ask'd why the Merchant that sat with them look'd so melancholy. They told him the Reason of it, which appear'd so extraordinary to him, that he also resolv'd to be Witness to the Result, and for that end sat down with 'em.

In a little time, they perceiv'd in the Field a thick Vapour, like a Cloud of Dust rais'd by a Whirlwind, advancing towards them, which vanish'd all of a sudden, and then the *Genie* appear'd, who without saluting them, came up to the Merchant with his drawn Scimiter, and taking him by the Arm, says, Get thee up, that I may kill thee, as thou didst kill my Son. The Merchant and the three old Men being frighten'd, began to lament, and to fill the Air with their Cries. Here *Scheherazade* perceiving Day, left off her Story, which did so much whet the Sultan's Curiosity, that he was absolutely resolv'd to hear the end of it, and put off the Sultaness's Execution till next Day.

No body can express the Grand Visier's Joy, when he perceiv'd that the Sultan did not order him to kill *Scheherazade*; his Family, the Court, and all People in general, were astonish'd at it.

The Fourth Night.

TOWARDS the end of the following Night, *Dinarzade* fail'd not to awake the Sultaness. My dear Sister, says she, if you be not asleep, pray tell me one of your fine Stories. Then *Scheherazade*, with the Sultan's Permission, spoke as follows.

Sir, when the old Man that led the Bitch, saw the *Genie* lay hold of the Merchant, and about to kill him without Pity, he threw himself at the Feet of the Monster, and kissing them, says to him: Prince of *Genies*, I most humbly request you to suspend your Anger, and do me the Favour to hear me. I will tell you the History of my Life, and of the Bitch you see; and if you think it more wonderful and surprizing than the Adventure of the Merchant

you

you are going to kill, I hope you will pardon the poor unfortunate Man the third of his Crime. The *Genie* took some time to consult upon it, but answer'd at last, Well then, I agree to it.

The History of the First old Man and the Bitch.

I Shall begin then, says the old Man, listen to me, I pray you, with Attention. This Bitch you see, is my Cousin, nay, what is more, my Wife; she was only twelve Years of Age when I married her, so that I may justly say, she ought as much to regard me as her Father, as her Kinsman and Husband.

We liv'd together twenty Years, without any Children, yet her Barrenness did not hinder my having a great deal of Complaisance and Friendship for her. The Desire of having Children only, made me buy a Slave, by whom I had a Son, who was extream promising. My Wife being jealous, conceiv'd a Hatred for both Mother and Child, but conceal'd it so well, that I did not know it 'till 'twas too late.

Mean time, my Son grew up, and was ten Years old, when I was oblig'd to undertake a Journey: Before I went, I recommended to my Wife, of whom I had no Mistrust, the Slave and her Son, and pray'd her to take care of 'em during my Absence, which was for a whole Year. She made use of that time to satisfy her Hatred; she applied herself to Magick, and when she knew enough of that diabolical Art, to execute her horrible Contrivance, the Wretch carried my Son to a desolate Place, where, by her Inchantments, she chang'd my Son into a Calf, and gave him to my Farmer to fatten pretending she had bought him. Her Fury did not stop at this abominable Action, but she likewise chang'd the Slave into a Cow, and gave her also to my Farmer.

At my Return, I ask'd for the Mother and Child: Your Slave, says she, is dead, and for your Son, I know not what is become of him, I have not seen him these two Months. I was troubled at the Death of the Slave, but my

my Son having only disappear'd, as she told me, I was in hopes he would return in a little time. However, eight Months pass'd, and I heard nothing of him. When the Festival of the great *Bairam* happened, to celebrate the same, I sent to my Farmer for one of the fattest Cows, to sacrifice, and he sent me one accordingly. The Cow which he brought me, was my Slave, the unfortunate Mother of my Son. I tied her, but as I was going to sacrifice her, she bellow'd pitifully, and I could perceive Streams of Tears run from her Eyes. This seem'd to me very extraordinary, and finding my self, in spite of all I could do, seiz'd with Pity, I could not find in my Heart to give her the Blow, but order'd my Farmer to get me another.

My Wife, who was present; was enrag'd at my Compassion, and opposing her self to an Order which disappointed her Malice, she cries out: What do you do, Husband? Sacrifice that Cow, your Farmer has not a finer, nor one fitter for that Use. Out of Complaisance to my Wife, I came again to the Cow, and combating my Pity, which suspended the Sacrifice, was going to give her the fatal Blow; when the Victim redoubling her Tears, and bellowing, disarm'd me a second time. Then I put the Moll into the Farmer's Hand, and bid him take and sacrifice her himself, for her Tears and Bellowing pierc'd my Heart.

The Farmer, less compassionate than I, sacrific'd her; but when he flea'd her, found her to be nothing but Bones, tho' to us she seem'd very fat. Take her to your self, says I to the Farmer, I quit her to you; give her in Alms, or which way you will; and if you have a very fat Calf, bring it me in her stead. I did not inform my self what he did with the Cow, but soon after he took her away, he came with a very fat Calf. Tho' I knew not that the Calf was my Son, yet I could not forbear being mov'd at the Sight of him. On his part, as soon as he saw me, he made so great an Effort to come to me, that he broke his Cord, threw himself at my Feet, with his Head against the Ground, as if he would excite my Compassion, conjure me not to be so cruel as to take his Life; and did as much

as was possible for him to do, to signify that he was my Son. I was more surprized and affected with this Action, than with the Tears of the Cow; I found a tender Pity, which made me concern my self for him, or rather, Nature did its Duty. Go, says I, to the Farmer, carry home that Calf, take great care of him, and bring me another in his place, immediately.

As soon as my Wife heard me say so, she immediately cried out, What do you do, Husband? take my Advice, sacrifice no other Calf but that. Wife, says I, I will not sacrifice him, I will spare him, and pray don't you oppose it. The wicked Woman had no Regard to my Desire, she hated my Son too much, to consent that I should save him; I tied the poor Creature, and taking up the fatal Knife—here *Scheherazade* stop'd, because she perceiv'd Day-light.

Then *Dinarzade* said, Sister, I am enchanted with this Story, which bespeaks my Attention so agreeably. If the Sultan will suffer me to live to Day, answers *Scheherazade*, what I have to tell you to Morrow, will divert you abundantly more. *Schahriar*, curious to know what would become of the old Man's Son that led the Bitch, told the Sultaness, he would be very glad to hear the end of that Story next Night.

The Fifth Night.

When Day began to draw near, *Dinarzade* put her Sister's Orders in Execution very exactly; who being awak'd, pray'd the Sultan to allow her to give *Dinarzade* that Satisfaction, which the Prince, who took so much Pleasure in the Story himself, willingly agreed to.

Sir, then, says *Scheherazade*, the first old Man who led the Bitch continuing his Story to the *Genie*, the two other old Men, and the Merchant, proceeded thus: I took the Knife, says he, and was going to strike it into my Son's Throat; when turning his Eyes, bath'd with Tears, in a languishing manner, towards me, he affected me so, that I had not Strength to sacrifice him, but let the Knife fall, and

and told my Wife positively, that I would have another Calf to sacrifice, and not that. She us'd all Endeavours to make me change my Resolution; but I continued firm, and pacify'd her a little, by promising, that I would sacrifice him against the *Bairam*, next Year.

Next Morning, my Father desir'd to speak with me alone; and told me, I come, says he, to tell you a piece of News, for which I hope you will return me Thanks. I have a Daughter that has some Skill in Magick: Yesterday, as I carried back the Calf, which you would not sacrifice; I perceiv'd she laugh'd when she saw him, and in a Moment after, fell a weeping: I ask'd her why she acted two such contrary Parts at one and the same time. Father, replies she, the Calf you bring back, is our Landlord's Son: I laugh'd for Joy to see him still alive, and I wept at the Remembrance of the Sacrifice that was made th' other Day of his Mother, who was chang'd into a Cow. These two Metamorphoses were made by the Enchantments of our Master's Wife, who hated the Mother and Son. This is what my Daughter told me, said the Farmer, and I come to acquaint you with it.

At these Words, the old Man adds, I leave you to think, my Lord *Genie*, how much I was surpriz'd; I went immediately to my Farmer, to speak with his Daughter myself. As soon as I came, I went forthwith to the Stall where my Son was, he could not answer my Embraces, but receiv'd them in such a manner, as fully satisfied me he was my Son.

The Farmer's Daughter came: My good Maid, says I, can you restore my Son to his former Shape? Yes, says she, I can. Ah! says I, if you can, I will make you Mistress of all my Fortune. She replied to me smiling, You are our Master, and I know very well what I owe to you, but I cannot restore your Son to his former Shape, but on two Conditions: The first is, that you give him me for my Husband; and the second is, that you allow me to punish the Person who chang'd him into a Calf. For the first, says I, I agree to it with all my Heart: Nay, I promise you more, a considerable Estate for your self, independent on what I design for my Son: In a word, you shall

shall see how I will reward the great Service I expect from you. As to what relates to my Wife, I also agree to it; a Person that has been capable of committing such a criminal Action, deserves very well to be punished; I leave her to you, only I must pray you not to take her Life. I am just a going then, answers she, to treat her as she has treated your Son: I agree to it, says I, provided you restore my Son to me before-hand.

Then the Maid took a Vessel full of Water, pronounc'd Words over it that I did not understand, and addressing her self to the Calf, O Calf, says she, if thou wast created by the Almighty and Sovereign Master of the World, such as you appear at this time, continue in that Form; but if thou beest a Man, and art chang'd into a Calf by Enchantment, return to thy natural Shape, by the Permission of the Sovereign Creator. As she spoke these Words, she threw Water upon him, and in an Instant he recover'd his first Shape.

My Son, my dear Son, cry'd I, immediately embracing him with such a Transport of Joy, that I knew not what I was doing, it is Heaven that hath sent us this young Maid, to take off the horrible Charm by which you were enchanted, and to avenge the Injury done to you and your Mother. I doubt not, but in Acknowledgment, you will take your Deliverer to Wife, as I have promis'd. He consented to it with Joy; but before they married, she chang'd my Wife into a Bitch; and this is she you see here. I desir'd she should have this Shape, rather than another less agreeable, that we might see her in the Family without Horror.

Since that time, my Son is become a Widower, and gone to travel; and it being several Years since I heard of him, I am come abroad to enquire after him; and not being willing to trust any body with my Wife, while I should come home, I thought fit to carry her every where with me. This is the History of my self and this Bitch; is it not one of the most wonderful and surprizing that can be? I agree it is, says the *Genie*, and upon that Account, I forgive the Merchant the third of his Crime.

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When the first old Man, Sir, continu'd the Sultaneſs, had finiſh'd his Story, the ſecond, who led the two black Dogs, addreſſed himſelf to the *Genie*, and ſays to him: I am going to tell you what happen'd to me, and theſe two black Dogs you ſee by me, and I am certain you will ſay, that my Story is yet more ſurprizing than that which you have juſt now heard; but when I have told it you, I hope you will be pleas'd to pardon the Merchant the ſecond Third of his Crime. Yes, replies the *Genie*, provided your Story ſurpaſs that of the Bitch. Then the ſecond old Man began in this manner. But as *Scheherazade* pronounc'd theſe Words, ſhe ſaw it was Day, and left off ſpeaking.

O Heaven! Siſter, ſays *Dinarzade*, thoſe Adventures are very ſingular. Siſter, replies the Sultaneſs, they are not comparable to thoſe which I have to tell you next Night, if the Sultan, my Lord and Maſter, be ſo good as to let me live. *Schahriar* answer'd nothing to that; but aroſe up, ſaid his Prayers, and went to Council, without giving any Order againſt the Life of the charming *Scheherazade*.

The Sixth Night.

THE Sixth Night being come, the Sultan and his Lady went to Bed. *Dinarzade* awak'd at the uſual Hour, and calling to the Sultaneſs, ſays: Dear Siſter, if you be not aſleep, I pray you, until it be Day, to ſatiſſie my Curioſity; I am impatient to hear the Story of the old Man and the two black Dogs. The Sultan conſented to it with Pleaſure, being no leſs deſirous to know the Story than *Dinarzade*; and *Scheherazade* continued it as follows.

The Story of the Second old Man, and the two black Dogs.

GR^Eat Prince of *Genies*, ſays the old Man, you muſt know that we are three Brothers, I and the two black Dogs you ſee: Our Father left each of us, when he died
one

one thousand Sequins : With that Sum, we all enter'd into the same way of living, and became Merchants. A little time after we had open'd Shop, my eldest Brother, one of those two Dogs, resolv'd to travel and trade in foreign Countries. Upon this Design, he sold his Estate, and bought Goods proper for the Trade he intended.

He went away, and was absent a whole Year ; at the end of which, a poor Man, who I thought had come to ask Alms, presented himself before me in my Shop. I said to him, God help you ; God help you also, answer'd he, is it possible you don't know me ? Upon this I look'd to him narrowly, and knew him : Ah, Brother, cry'd I, embracing him, how could I know you in this Condition ? I made him come into my House, and ask'd him concerning his Health, and the Success of his Travels, Don't ask me that Question, says he ; when you see me, you see all : It would only renew my Grief, to tell you all the particulars of the Misfortunes that have befall'n me, and reduc'd me to this Condition, since I left you.

I immediately shut up my Shop, and carrying him to a Bath, gave him the best Cloaths I had by me ; and examining my Books, and finding that I had doubled my Stock, that's to say, that I was worth two thousand Sequins, I gave him one half. With that, says I, Brother, you may make up your Loss. He joyfully accepted the Proffer, recover'd himself, and we lived together as before.

Some time after, my second Brother, who is the other of these two Dogs, would also sell his Estate ; I, and his other Brother, did all we could to divert him from it, but could not : He sold it, and with the Money bought such Goods as were suitable to the Trade he design'd. He join'd a Caravan, and took a Journey. He return'd at the end of the Year, in the same Condition as my other Brother ; and I having gain'd another thousand Sequins, gave him them, with which he furnish'd his Shop, and continued to follow his Trade.

Some time after, one of my Brothers comes to me to propose a trading Voyage with them ; I immediately rejected their Proposal. You have travell'd, says I, and what have

have you gain'd by it; who can assure me, that I shall be more successful than you have been? They represented to me, in vain, all that they thought fit to prevail upon me to engage in that Design with them, for I constantly refus'd; but they importun'd me so much, that after having resisted their Sollicitation five whole Years, they overcame me at last. But when we were to make Preparations for our Voyage, and to buy Goods necessary to the Undertaking, I found they had spent all, and that they had not one Farthing left of the thousand Sequins I had giv'n each of 'em. I did not, however upbraid them in the least with it. On the contrary, my Stock being Six thousand Sequins, I shar'd the half of it with 'em, telling 'em, my Brothers, we must venture these three thousand Sequins, and hide the rest in some sure Place; that in case our Voyage be no more successful than yours was formerly, we may have wherewith to assist us, and to follow our ancient way of living. I gave each of 'em a thousand Sequins, and keeping as much for my self, I buried the other three Thousand in a Corner of my House. We bought our Goods, and after having embark'd 'em on board of a Vessel, which we freighted betwixt us three, we put to Sea with a favourable Wind. After a Month's Sail—but I see Day, says *Scheherazade*, I must stop here.

Sister, says *Dinarzade*, this Story promises a great deal; I fancy the rest of it must be very extraordinary. You are not mistaken, says the Sultaness, and if the Sultan will allow me to tell it you, I am persuaded it will very much divert you. *Schahriar* got up as he did the Day before, without explaining his Mind; but gave no Order to the Grand Visier to kill his Daughter.

The Seventh Night.

WHEN the Seventh Night drew near a close, *Dinarzade* awak'd the Sultaness, and pray'd her to continue the Story of the second old Man. I will, answer'd *Scheherazade*, provided the Sultan, my Lord and Master, don't oppose it. Not at all, says *Schahriar*, I am so far

far from opposing it, that I desire you earnestly to go on with it.

To resume the thread of the Story, says *Scheherazade*, you must know, that the old Man who led the two Dogs, continued his Story to the *Genie*, the other two old Men and the Merchant, thus : In short, says he, after two Month's Sail, we arriv'd happily at a Port, where we landed, and had a very great Vent for our Goods. I, especially, sold mine so well, that I gain'd Ten to One; and we bought Commodities of that Country, to transport and sell in our own.

When we were ready to embark, in order to return, I met upon the Bank of the Sea, a Lady handsome enough, but poorly clad : She came up to me presently, kiss'd my Hand, pray'd me with the greatest earnestness imaginable to marry her, and take her along with me. I made some Difficulty to agree to it; but she said so many Things to perswade me, that I ought to make no Objection of her Poverty, and that I should have all the Reason of the World to be satisfied with her Conduct, that I yielded. I order'd fit Apparel to be made for her; and after having married her, according to Form, I took her on Board, and we set sail. During the Navigation, I found the Wife I had taken, had so many good Qualities, that I lov'd her every Day more and more. In the mean time, my two Brothers, who had not manag'd their Affairs so well as I did mine, envied my Prosperity; and their Fury carried them so far, as to conspire against my Life; so that one Night, when my Wife and I were asleep, they threw us both into the Sea.

My Wife was a *Fairy*, and by consequence, *Genie*, you know well, she could not be drown'd; but for me, it's certain, I had been lost, without her help. I had scarce fall'n into the Water, till she took me up, and carried me to an Island. When it was Day, the *Fairy* said to me, You see Husband, that by saving your Life, I have not rewarded you ill for your kindness to me. You must know, that I am a *Fairy*, and that being upon the Bank of the Sea, when you were going to embark, I found I had a strong Inclination for you; I had a mind to try your Goodness, and

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presented my self before you in that Disguise wherein you saw me. You have dealt very generously with me, and I am mighty glad to have found an Opportunity of testifying my Acknowledgment to you: But I am incens'd against your Brothers, and nothing will satisfy me but their Lives.

I listen'd to this Discourse of the *Fairy*, with Admiration; I thank'd her as well as I could, for the great Kindness she had done me: But Madam, says I, for my Brothers, I beg you to pardon them; whatever cause they have given me, I am not cruel enough to desire their Death. I told her the Particulars of what I had done for them, which increas'd her Indignation so, that she cry'd out, I must immediately fly after those ungrateful Traitors, and take speedy Vengeance on them; I will drown their Vessel, and throw them into the Bottom of the Sea. No, my good Lady, replied I, for the sake of Heav'n don't do so; moderate your Anger, consider that they are my Brothers, and that we must do Good for Evil.

I pacify'd the *Fairy* by those Words; and as soon as I had spoke them, she transported me in an instant from the Island where we were, to the Roof of my own House, which was terrass'd, and disappear'd in a Moment. I went down, open'd the Doors, and dug up the three thousand Sequins I had hid. I went afterwards to the Place where my Shop was, which I also opened; and was complimented by the Merchants my Neighbours, upon my Return. When I went to my House, I perceiv'd two black Dogs, which came to me in a very submissive Manner: I knew not what it meant, but was much astonish'd at it. But the *Fairy*, who appear'd immediately, says to me, Husband, don't be surpriz'd to see these two black Dogs by you, they are your two Brothers. I was troubled at those Words, and ask'd her, by what Power they were so transform'd. It was I that did it, says she, at least I gave Commission to one of my Sisters to do it, who at the same time sunk their Ship. You have lost the Goods you had on board, but I will make it up to you another way. As to your two Brothers, I have condemn'd 'em to remain five Years in that Shape. Their

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Perfidiousness too well deserves such a Penance ; and in short, after having told me where I might hear of her, she disappear'd.

Now the five Years being out, I am a travelling in quest of her ; and as I pass'd this way, I met this Merchant, and the good old Man that led the Bitch, and sat down by them. This is my History, O Prince of *Genies* ! don't you think it very extraordinary ? I own it, says the *Genie*, and upon that Account remit the Merchant the second Third of the Crime which he had committed against me.

As soon as the second old Man had finish'd his Story, the third began, and made the like Demand of the *Genie*, with the two first ; that is to say, to pardon the Merchant the other Third of his Crime, provided the Story he had to tell him, exceeded the two he had already heard, for singular Events. The *Genie* made him the same Promise as he had done the other two. Harken then, says the old Man to him—but Day appears, says *Scheherazade*, I must stop here.

I can't enough admire, Sister, says *Dinarzade*, the Adventures you have told me. I know abundance more, answers the Sultaneß, that are still more wonderful. *Schahriar*, willing to know if the Story of the third old Man would be as agreeable as that of the Second, put off the Execution of *Scheherazade* till next Day.

The Eighth Night.

AS soon as *Dinarzade* perceiv'd it was time to call the Sultaneß, she says, Sister, I have been awake along time, and have had a great mind to awake you, I am so impatient to hear the Story of the third old Man. The Sultan answered, I can hardly think that the third Story will surpass the two former ones.

Sir, replies the Sultaneß, the third old Man told his Story to the *Genie* ; I cannot tell it you, because it is not come to my Knowledge, but I know that it did so much exceed the two former Stories, in the variety of wonderful Adventures, that the *Genie* was astonish'd at it ; and no sooner
heard

heard the end of it, but he said to the third old Man, I re-mit the other third part of the Merchant's Crime upon the Account of your Story. He is very much oblig'd to all three of you, for having deliver'd him out of his Danger by your Stories; without which, he had not now been in the World. And having spoke thus, he disappear'd, to the great contentment of the Company.

The Merchant fail'd not to give his three Deliverers the Thanks he ow'd them. They rejoyc'd to see him out of Danger; after which he bid them adieu, and each of 'em went on his way. The Merchant return'd to his Wife and Children, and pass'd the rest of his Days with them in Peace. But, Sir, added *Scheherazade*, how pleasant soever these Stories may be, that I have told your Majesty hitherto, they don't come near that of the Fisherman. *Dinarzade* perceiving that the Sultaness demurr'd, says to her, Sister, since there is still some time remaining, pray tell us the Story of the Fisherman, if the Sultan is willing. *Schahriar* agreed to it, and *Scheherazade* resuming her Discourse, pursued it in this manner,

The Story of the Fisherman.

S I R,

There was a very ancient Fisherman, so poor, that he could scarce earn enough to maintain himself, his Wife, and three Children. He went every Day to fish betimes in a Morning; and impos'd it as a Law upon himself, not to cast his Nets above four times a Day. He went one Morning by Moon-light, and coming to the Sea-bank, undress'd himself, and cast in his Nets. As he drew them towards the Shoar, he found them very heavy, and thought he had a good draught of Fish, at which he rejoic'd within himself; but in a Moment after, perceiving that instead of Fish, there was nothing in his Nets but the Carcass of an Ais he was mightily vex'd; *Scheherazade* stop'd here, because she saw it was Day.

Sister, says *Dinarzade*, I must confess, that the beginning of this Story charms me, and I foresee that the result of it will be very agreeable. There is nothing more surprising,

prizing, than the Story of this Fisherman, replied the Sultaneſs, and you will be convinc'd of it next Night, if the Sultan will be ſo gracious, as to let me live. *Schahriar* being curious to hear the Succeſs of ſuch an extraordinary Fiſhing, would not order *Scheherazade* to be put to death that Day.

The Ninth Night.

MY dear Siſter, cries *Dinarzade* next Morning at the uſual Hour, if you be not aſleep, I pray you to go on with the Story of the Fiſherman; I am ready to die till I hear it. I am willing to give you that Satisfaction, ſays the Sultaneſs; but at the ſame time, ſhe demanded leave of the Sultan, and having obtain'd it, began the Story again, as follows:

Sir, when the Fiſherman, vex'd to have made ſuch a forry Draught, had mended his Nets, which the Carcaſs of the Aſs had broke in ſeveral places, he threw them in a ſecond time; and when he drew them, found a great deal of Reſiſtance, which made him to think he had taken abundance of Fiſh; but he found nothing, except a Pannier full of Gravel and Slime, which grieved him extreamly. O Fortune! cries he, with a lamentable Tone, don't be angry at me, nor perſecute a Wretch, who prays thee to ſpare him. I came hither from my Houſe, to ſeek for my livelihood, and thou pronouneſt Death againſt me. I have no other Trade but this to ſubſiſt by; and notwithstanding all the Care I take, I can ſcarcely provide what is abſolutely neceſſary for my Family. But I am in the Wrong to complain of thee; thou tak'ſt Pleaſure to perſecute honeſt People, and to leave great Men in Obſcurity, whiſt thou ſhew'ſt Favour to the Wicked, and advanceſt thoſe who have no Virtue to recommend them.

Having finiſh'd this Complaint, he threw away the Pannier in a fret, and waſhing his Nets from the Slime, caſt them the third time; but brought up nothing, except Stones, Shells and Mudd. No body can expreſs his Diſorder; he was within an Ace of going quite mad. However,

ever, when Day began to appear, he did not forget to say his Prayers, like a good Mussulman, and afterwards added this Petition: *Lord, you know, that I cast my Nets only four times a Day; I have already drawn them three times, without the least Reward for my Labour: I am only to cast 'em once more; I pray you to render the Sea favourable to me, as you did to Moses.*

The Fisherman having finish'd this Prayer, cast his Nets the fourth time; and when he thought it wastime, he drew them as formerly, with great Difficulty; but instead of Fish, found nothing in 'em but a Vessel of yellow Copper, that by its Weight seem'd to be full of something; and he observ'd that it was shut up and seal'd with Lead, having the Impression of a Seal upon it. This rejoiced him: I will sell it, says he to the Founder, and with the Money arising from the Product, buy a Measure of Corn. He examin'd the Vessel on all Sides, and shook it, to see if what was within made any Noise, and heard nothing. This Circumstance, with the Impression of the Seal upon upon the leaden Cover, made him to think there was something precious in it. To try this, he took a Knife, and open'd it with very little Labour. He presently turn'd the Mouth downward, but nothing came out, which surpriz'd him extreamly. He set it before him, and while he look'd upon it attentively, there came out a very thick Smoak, which oblig'd him to retire two or three Paces from it.

This Smoak mounted as high as the Clouds, and extending it self along the Sea, and upon the Shoar, form'd a great Mist, which we may well imagine did mightily astonish the Fisherman. When the Smoak was all out of the Vessel, it reunited it self, and became a solid Body, of which there was form'd a *Genie* twice as high as the greatest of Giants. At the sight of a Monster of such an unsizeable Bulk, the Fisherman would fain have fled, but was so frighten'd, that he could not go one step.

Solomon, cried the *Genie* immediately, *Solomon*, the great Prophet, Pardon, Pardon, I will never more oppose your Will, I will obey all your Commands.—*Scheherazade* perceiving Day, broke off her Story.

Upon which *Dinarzarde* said, Dear Sister, no body can keep their promise better than you have done yours. This Story is certainly more surprising than the former. Sister, replies the Sultaness, there are more wonderful Things yet to come, if my Lord, the Sultan, will allow me to tell 'em you. *Schahriar* had too great a desire to hear out the Story of the Fisherman, to deprive himself of that Pleasure; and therefore put off the Sultaness's Death another Day.

The Tenth Night.

D*inarzade* call'd her Sister next Night, when she thought it was time, and pray'd her to continue the Story of the Fisherman; and the Sultan being also impatient to know what Concern the *Genie* had with *Solomon*, *Scheherazade* continued her Story thus.

Sir, the Fisherman, when he heard these Words of the *Genie*, recover'd his Courage, and says to him, thou proud Spirit, what is that you talk? It's above eighteen hundred Years since the Prophet *Solomon* died, and we are now at the end of Time: Tell me your History, and how you came to be shut up in this Vessel?

The *Genie* turning to the Fisherman, with a fierce Look, says, You must speak to me with more Civility; thou art very bold to call me a proud Spirit. Very well, replies the Fisherman, shall I speak to you with more Civility, and call you the Owl of good-luck? I say, answers the *Genie*, speak to me more civilly, before I kill thee. Ah! replies the Fisherman, why would you kill me? Did not I just now set you at Liberty, and have you already forgot it? Yes, I remember it, says the *Genie*, but that shall not hinder me to kill thee: I have only one Favour to grant thee: And what's that, says the Fisherman? It is, answers the *Genie*, to give you your Choice, in what manner thou wouldst have me take thy Life, but wherein have I offend-ed you, replies the Fisherman? Is this your Reward for the good Service I have done you? I can't treat you otherwise, says the *Genie*; and that you may be convinc'd of it, hearken to my Story.

I am

I am one of those rebellious Spirits, that oppos'd themselves to the Will of Heav'n; all the other *Genies* own'd *Solomon*, the great Prophet, and submitted to him. *Sacar* and I were the only *Genies* that would never be guilty of so mean a Thing: And to avenge himself, that great Monarch sent *Asaph*, the Son of *Barakhia*, his chief Minister, to apprehend me. That was accordingly done, *Asaph* seiz'd my Person, and brought me by Force before his Master's Throne.

Solomon, the Son of *David*, commanded me to quit my way of living, to acknowledge his Power, and to submit myself to his Commands: I bravely refus'd to obey, and told him, I would rather expose my self to his Resentments, than swear Fealty, and submit to him, as he required. To punish me, he shut me up in this Copper Vessel; and to make sure of me, that I should not break Prison, he stamp'd (himself) upon this leaden Cover, his Seal, with the great Name of God engraven upon it. Thus he gave the Vessel to one of the *Genies* who submitted to him, with Orders to throw me into the Sea, which was executed, to my great Sorrow.

During the first hundred Years Imprisonment, I swore, that if any one would deliver me before the hundred Years expir'd, I would make him rich, ev'n after his Death: But that Century run out, and no body did me that good Office. During the second, I made an Oath, that I would open all the Treasures of the Earth to any one that should set me at Liberty, but with no better Success. In the third, I promis'd to make my Deliverer a potent Monarch, to be always near him in a Spirit, and to grant him every Day three Demands, of what nature soever they might be: But this Century run out as well as the two former, and I continued in Prison. At last, being angry, or rather mad, to find my self a Prisoner so long, I swore, that if afterwards any one should deliver me, I would kill him without Pity, and grant him no other Favour, but to chuse what kind of Death he would die; and therefore, since you have deliver'd me to-day, I give you that Choice.

This Discourse afflicted the poor Fisherman extreamly: I am very unfortunate, cries he, to come hither to do such

a Piece of good Service, to one that's so ungrateful. I beg you to consider your Injustice, and revoke such an unreasonable Oath: Pardon me, and Heav'n will pardon you; if you grant my Life, Heav'n will protect you from all Attempts against yours. No, thy Death's resolv'd on, says the *Genie*, only chuse how you will die. The Fisherman perceiving the *Genie* to be resolute, was extremely griev'd, not so much for himself, as for his three Children; and bewail'd the Misery they must be reduc'd to by his Death. He endeavour'd still to appease the *Genie*, and says, Alas! be pleas'd to take pity on me, in consideration of the good Service I have done you. I have told thee already, replies the *Genie*, it's for that very Reason I must kill thee. That's very strange, says the Fisherman, are you resolv'd to reward Good with Evil: The Proverb says, *That he who does Good to one who deserves it not, is always ill rewarded.* I must confess, I thought it was false; for in effect, there can be nothing more contrary to Reason, or the Laws of Society. Nevertheless, I find now by cruel Experience, that it is but too true. Don't let's lose time, replies the *Genie*, all thy Reasonings shall not divert me from my Purpose: Make haste and tell me, which way you chuse to die.

Necessity is the Mother of Invention. The Fisherman bethought himself of a Stratagem. Since I must die then, says he to the *Genie*, I submit to the Will of Heaven; but before I chuse the manner of Death, I conjure you by the great Name which was engraven upon the Seal of the Prophet *Solomon*, the Son of *David*, to answer me truly the Question I am going to ask you.

The *Genie* finding himself oblig'd to a positive Answer, by this Adjuration, trembled; and replies to the Fisherman, ask what thou wilt, but make haste.—Day appearing, *Scheherazade* held her Peace.

Sister, says *Dinarzade*, it must be own'd, that the more you speak, the more you surprize and satisfy. I hope the Sultan, our Lord, will not order you to be put to Death, till he hears out the fine Story of the Fisherman: The Sultan is absolute, replies *Scheherazade*, we must submit to his Will in every thing. But *Schahriar*, being as willing as

Dinar-

Dinarzade, to hear an end of the Story, did again put off the Execution of the Sultaneſs.

The Eleventh Night.

Schabriar, and the Princeſs his Spouſe, paſſed this Night in the ſame manner as they had done the former, and before break of Day, *Dinarzade* awak'd them with theſe Words, ſhe addreſs'd to the Sultaneſs: I pray you, Siſter, to reſume the Story of the Fiſherman; with all my Heart, ſaid *Scheherazade*, I am willing to ſatiſfy you, with the Sultan's Permiſſion.

The *Genie* (continued ſhe) having promiſed to ſpeak the truth, the Fiſherman ſays to him, I would know if you were actually in this Veſſel? Dare you ſwear it, by the Name of the great God? Yes, replied the *Genie*, I do ſwear by that great Name, that I was, and it is a certain truth: In good faith, answer'd the Fiſherman, I cannot believe you; the Veſſel is not capable to hold one of your Feet, and how ſhould it be poſſible that your whole Body could lie in it? I ſwear to thee, notwithſtanding, replied the *Genie*, that I was there juſt as you ſee me here: Is it poſſible, that thou doſt not believe me, after this great Oath that I have taken? Truly not I, ſaid the Fiſherman; nor will I believe you, unleſs you ſhew it me.

Upon which, the Body of the *Genie* was diſſolv'd, and chang'd it ſelf into Smoak, extending it ſelf as formerly, upon the Sea and Shoar; and then at laſt being gather'd together, it began to re-enter the Veſſel, which it ſo continued to do ſucceſſively, by a ſlow and equal Motion, after a ſmooth and exact way, till nothing was left out, and immediately a Voice came forth, which ſaid to the Fiſherman, Well now, incredulous Fellow, I am all in the Veſſel, don't you believe me now?

The Fiſherman, inſtead of answering the *Genie*, took the Cover of Lead, and having ſpeedily ſhut the Veſſel, *Genie*, cries he, now it's your turn to beg my Favour, and to chuſe which way I ſhall put you to Death; but not ſo, it's better that I ſhould throw you into the Sea, whence I

took you : And then I will build a House upon the Bank, where I will dwell to give Notice to all Fishermen, who come to throw in their Nets, to beware of such a wicked *Genie* as thou art, who hast made an Oath to kill him that shall set thee at Liberty.

The *Genie*, enrag'd at those Expressions, did all he could to get out of the Vessel again, but it was not possible for him to do it; for the Impression of *Solomon's Seal* prevented him : So perceiving that the Fisherman had got the Advantage of him, he thought fit to dissemble his Anger. Fisherman, says he, in a pleasant tone, take heed you don't do what you say; for what I spoke to you before, was only by way of Jest, and you are to take it no otherwise. O *Genie*! replies the Fisherman, thou who wast but a Moment ago, the greatest of all *Genies*, and now art the least of 'em, thy crafty Discourse will signifie nothing to thee, but to the Sea thou shalt return : If thou hast stay'd there already so long as thou hast told me, thou may'st very well stay there till the Day of Judgment. I begg'd of thee in God's Name, not to take away my Life, and thou didst reject my Prayers; I am obliged to treat you in the same manner.

The *Genie* omitted nothing that could prevail upon the Fisherman : Open the Vessel, says he, give me my Liberty, I pray thee, and I promise to satisfy thee to thy own Content. Thou art a meer Traitor, replies the Fisherman, I should deserve to lose my Life, if I be such a Fool as to trust thee; thou wilt not fail to treat me in the same manner, as a certain Grecian King treated the Physician *Douban*. It's a Story I have a mind to tell thee, therefore listen to it.

The Story of the Grecian King and the Physician Douban.

There was in the Country of *Zouman*, in *Persia*, a King, whose Subjects were originally *Greeks*. This King was all over Leprous, and his Physicians in vain endeavour'd his Cure; and when they were at their Wits end
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what to prescribe to him, a very able Physician, called *Douban*, arriv'd at his Court.

This Physician had learn'd his Science in *Greek, Persian, Turkish, Arabian, Latin, Syriac* and *Hebrew* Books ; and besides that, he was an expert Philosopher, he fully understood the good and bad Qualities of all Sorts of Plants and Drugs. As soon as he was inform'd of the King's Distemper, and understood that his Physicians had giv'n him over, he clad himself the best he could, and found a way to present himself to the King. Sir, says he, I know that all your Majesty's Physicians have not been able to cure you of the Leprosy, but if you will do me the Honour to accept my Service, I will engage my self to cure you without Drenches, or external Applications.

The King listen'd to what he said, and answer'd, if you be able to perform what you promise, I will enrich you and your Posterity ; and besides the Presents I shall make you, you shall be my chief Favourite. Do you assure me then, that you will cure me of my Leprosy, without making me take any Potion, or applying any external Medicine ? Yes, Sir, replies the Physician, I promise my self Success, through God's Assistance, and to-morrow I will make trial of it.

The Physician return'd to his Quarters, and made a Mallet, hollow within, and at the Handle he put in his Drugs : He made also a Ball, in such a manner as suited his Purpose, with which, next Morning, he went to present himself before the King, and falling down at his Feet, kiss'd the very Ground.—Here *Scheherazade*, perceiving Day, acquainted the Sultan with it, and held her Peace.

I wonder, Sister, says *Dinarzade*, where you learn so many fine Things. You shall hear a great many others to-morrow, replies *Scheherazade*, if the Sultan, my Master, will be pleas'd to prolong my Life further. *Schahriar*, who long'd as much as *Dinarzade* to hear the Sequel of the Story of *Douban* the Physician, did not order the Sultane's to be put to Death that Day.

The Twelfth Night.

THE Twelfth Night was far advanc'd, when *Dinarzade* call'd, and says, Sister, you owe us the Continuation of the agreeable History of the *Grecian* King and the Physician *Douban*. I am very willing to pay my Debt, replies *Scheherazade*, and resum'd the Story as follows.

Sir, the Fisherman speaking always to the *Genie*, whom he kept shut up in his Vessel, went on thus: The Physician *Douban* rose up, and after a profound Reverence, says to the King, he judg'd it meet that his Majesty should take Horse, and go to the Place where he us'd to play at Mell. The King did so, and when he arriv'd there, the Physician came to him with the Mell, and says to him, Sir, exercise your self with this Mell, and strike the Ball with it, until you find your Hands and your Body in a Sweat. When the Medicine I have put up in the Handle of the Mell is heated with your Hand, it will penetrate your whole Body; and as soon as you shall sweat, you may leave off the Exercise, for then the Medicine will have its Effect. As soon as you are return'd to your Palace, go into the Bath, and cause your self to be well wash'd and rubb'd; then go to Bed, and when you rise to morrow, you will find your self cur'd.

The King took the Mell, and struck the Ball, which was return'd by his Officers that play'd with him; he struck it again, and play'd so long, till his Hand and his whole Body were in a Sweat, and then the Medicine shut up in the Handle of the Mell had its Operation, as the Physician said. Upon this the King left off Play, return'd to his Palace, entered the Bath, and observed very exactly what his Physician had prescrib'd him.

He was very well after it, and next Morning when he arose, he perceiv'd with as much Wonder and Joy, that his Leprosy was cur'd, and his Body as clean, as if he had never been attack'd with that Distemper. As soon as he was dress'd, he came into the Hall of publick Audience, where he mounted his Throne, and shew'd himself to his Courtiers,

tiers, who longing to know the Success of the new Medicine, came thither betimes, and when they saw the King perfectly cur'd, did all of them express a mighty Joy for it. The Physician *Douban* entering the Hall, bow'd himself before the Throne, with his Face to the Ground. The King perceiving him, call'd him, made him sit down by his Side, shew'd him to the Assembly, and gave him all the Commendation he deserv'd. His Majesty did not stop here; but as he treated all his Court that Day, he made him to eat at his Table alone with him. At these Words, *Scheherazade* perceiving Day, broke off her Story. Sister, said *Dinarzade*, I know not what the Conclusion of this Story will be, but I find the Beginning very surprising. That which is to come, is yet better, answer'd the Sultaness, and I am certain you will not deny it, if the Sultan give me leave to make an end of it to morrow Night. *Schahriar* consented, and arose very well satisfied with what he had heard.

The Thirteenth Night.

D*inarzade*, willing to keep the Sultan in Ignorance of her Design, cried out as if she had started out of her Sleep: O dear Sister, I have had a troublesome Dream, and nothing will sooner make me forget it, than the Remainder of the Story of the *Grecian* King and the Doctor *Douban*. I do conjure you by the Love you always bore me, not to defer it a Moment longer. I shall not be wanting, good Sister, to ease your Mind; and if my Sovereign will permit me, I will go on. *Schahriar* being charmed with the agreeable manner of *Scheherazade's* telling her Stories, says to her, You will oblige me no less than *Dinarzade*, therefore continue.

The *Grecian* King (says the Fisherman to the *Genie*) was not satisfied with having admitted the Physician *Douban* to his Table, but towards Night, when he was about dismissing the Company, he caused him to be clad in a long rich Robe, like unto those which his Favourites usually wore in his Presence; and besides that, he ordered him two

thousand Sequins. The next Day, and the Day following, he was very familiar with him; in short, this Prince thinking that he could never enough acknowledge the Obligations he lay under to that able Physician, bestow'd every Day new Favours upon him. But this King had a Grand Vilier, that was avaricious, envious, and naturally capable of all Sorts of Mischief; he could not see, without Envy, the Presents that were given to the Physician, whose other Merits had already began to make him jealous, and therefore he resolv'd to lessen him in the King's Esteem. To effect this, he went to the King, and told him in private, that he had some Advice to give him, which was of the greatest Concernment. The King having ask'd what it was; Sir, said he, it's very dangerous for a Monarch to put Confidence in a Man, whose Fidelity he never tried. Tho' you heap Favours upon the Physician *Douban*, and shew him all the Familiarity that may be, your Majesty does not know but he may be a Traitor at the same time, and come on purpose to this Court to kill you. From whom have you this, answer'd the King, that you dare to tell it me? Consider to whom you speak, and that you advise a Thing which I shall not easily believe. Sir, replied the Visier, I am very well inform'd of what I have had the Honour to represent to your Majesty, therefore do not let your dangerous Confidence grow to a further Height: If your Majesty be asleep, be pleas'd to awake; for I do once more repeat it, that the Physician *Douban* did not leave the Heart of *Greece*, his Country, nor come hither to settle himself at your Court, but to execute that horrible Design, which I have now hinted to you.

No, no, Visier, replies the King, I am certain, that this Man, whom you treat as a Villain and a Traitor, is one of the best and most virtuous Men in the World, and there is no Man I love so much. You know by what Medicine, or rather by what Miracle, he cur'd me of my Leprosy; If he had had a Design upon my Life, why did he save me? He needed only have left me to my Disease, I could not have escap'd it. My Life was already half gone, forbear then to fill me with unjust Suspensions: Instead of listening to you, I tell you, that from this Day forward, I will give
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that great Man a Pension of a thousand Sequins *per* Month, for his Life; nay, tho' I did share with him all my Riches and Dominions, I should never pay him enough, for what he has done for me: I perceive it to be his Virtue, which raises your Envy; but don't you think that I will be unjustly possess'd with Prejudice against him. I remember too well what a Visier said to King *Sindbad*, his Master, to prevent his putting to Death the Prince, his Son. — But, Sir, says *Scheherazade*, Day-light appears, which forbids me to go any further.

I am very well pleas'd that the *Grecian* King, says *Dinarzade*, had so much Firmness of Spirit, to reject the false Accusation of his Visier. If you commend the Firmness of that Prince to Day, says *Scheherazade*, you will as much condemn his Weakness to Morrow, if the Sultan be pleased to allow me time to finish this Story. The Sultan being curious to hear wherein the *Grecian* King discovered his Weakness, did further delay the Death of the Sultaness.

The Fourteenth Night.

AN Hour before Day, *Dinarzade* awak'd her Sister, and says to her, you will certainly be as good as your Word, Madam, and tell us out the Story of the Fisherman? To assist your Memory, I will tell you where you left off: It was where the *Grecian* King maintain'd the Innocence of his Physician *Douban*, against his Visier. I remember it, says *Scheherazade*, and am ready to give you Satisfaction.

Sir, continues she, addressing herself to *Schahriar*, that which the *Grecian* King said about King *Sindbad*, rais'd the Visier's Curiosity, who says to him, Sir, I pray your Majesty to pardon me; if I have the Boldness to demand of you, what the Visier of King *Sindbad* said to his Master, to divert him from cutting off the Prince his Son. The *Grecian* King had the Complaisance to satisfy him: That Visier, says he, after having represented to King *Sindbad*, that he ought to beware, lest on the Accusation of a Mother—

ther-in-law, he should commit an Action, which he might afterwards repent of, told him this Story.

The Story of the Husband and the Parrot.

A Certain Man had a fair Wife, whom he lov'd so dearly, that he could scarce allow her to be out of his Sight. One Day, being oblig'd to go abroad about urgent Affairs, he came to a Place where all Sorts of Birds were sold, and there bought a Parrot, which not only spoke very well, but could also give an Account of every Thing that was done before it. He brought it in a Cage to his House, pray'd his Wife to put it in the Chamber, and to take care of it, during a Journey he was oblig'd to undertake, and then went out.

At his Return, he took care to ask the Parrot concerning what had pass'd in his Absence, and the Bird told him Things that gave him Occasion to upbraid his Wife. She thought some of her Slaves had betray'd her, but all of 'em swore they had been faithful to her, and they all agreed that it must have been the Parrot, that had told Tales.

Upon this, the Wife bethought her self of a way, how she might remove her Husband's Jealousie, and at the same time revenge her self of the Parrot, which she effected thus. Her Husband being gone another Journey, she commanded a Slave, in the Night time, to turn a Hand-mill under the Parrot's Cage; she ordered another to throw Water, in form of Rain, over the Cage; and a third to take a Glass, and turn it to the Right and to the Left before the Parrot, so as the Reflections of the Candle might shine on its Face. The Slaves spent great part of the Night, in doing what their Mistress commanded them, and acquitted themselves very dexterously.

Next Day the Husband return'd, and examin'd the Parrot again, about what had pass'd during his Absence. The Bird answer'd, Good Master, the Lightning, Thunder and Rain, did so much disturb me all Night, that I cannot tell how much I suffered by it. The Husband, who knew that there had been neither Thunder, Lightning, nor Rain that Night, fancied that the Parrot, not having told him
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the Truth in this, might also have lied to him in the other; upon which he took it out of the Cage, and threw it with so much Force to the Ground, that he kill'd it. Yet afterwards he understood by his Neighbours, that the poor Parrot had not lied to him, when it gave him an Account of his Wife's base Conduct, which made him repent he had kill'd it. *Scheherazade* stopp'd here, because she saw it was Day.

All that you tell us, Sister, says *Dinarzade*, is so curious, that nothing can be more agreeable. I shall be willing to divert you, answers *Scheherazade*, if the Sultan, my Master, will allow me Time to do it. *Schahriar*, who took as much Pleasure to hear the Sultaneſs, as *Dinarzade*, arose and went about his Affairs, without ordering the Viſier to cut her off.

The Fifteenth Night.

D*inarzade* was punctual this Night, as she had been the former, to awake her Sister, and begg'd of her, as usual, to tell her a Story. I am going to do it, Sister, says *Scheherazade*; but the Sultan interrupted her, for fear she should begin a new Story, and bid her finish the Discourse betwixt the *Grecian* King and his Viſier, about his Physician *Douban*. Sir, says *Scheherazade*, I will obey you, and went on with the Story as follows.

When the *Grecian* King, says the Fisherman to the *Genie*, had finish'd the Story of the Parrot; and you, Viſier, adds he, because of the Hatred you bear to the Physician *Douban*, who never did you any Hurt, you would have me cut him off; but I will take care of that, for fear I should repent it, as the Husband did the killing of his Parrot.

The mischievous Viſier was too much concern'd to effect the Ruin of the Physician *Douban*, to stop here. Sir, says he, the Death of the Parrot was but a Trifle, and I believe his Master did not mourn for him long: But why should your Fear of wronging an innocent Man, hinder your putting this Physician to Death? Is it not enough that he is accus'd of a Design against your Life, to autho-
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size you to take away his? When the Business in question is to secure the Life of a King, bare Suspicion ought to pass for Certainty; and it is better to sacrifice the Innocent, than to spare the Guilty. But, Sir, this is not an uncertain Thing; the Physician *Douban* has certainly a mind to assassinate you. It is not Envy which makes me his Enemy; it's only my Zeal, and the Concern I have for preserving your Majesty's Life, that makes me give you my Advice in a Matter of this Importance. If it be false, I deserve to be punish'd in the same manner as a Visier was formerly punish'd. What had that Visier done, says the *Gracian* King, to deserve Punishment? I will inform your Majesty of that, says the Visier, if you will be pleas'd to hear me.

The Story of the Visier that was punish'd.

THere was a King, says the Visier, who had a Son that lov'd Hunting mightily. He allow'd him to divert himself that way very often; but gave Order to his Grand Visier to attend him constantly, and never to lose Sight of him.

One Hunting-day, the Huntsman having rouz'd a Deer, the Prince, who thought the Visier follow'd him, pursu'd the Game so far, and with so much Earnestness, that he was left quite alone. He stopp'd, and finding he had lost his way, endeavour'd to return the same way he came, to find out the Visier, who had not been careful enough to follow him, and so wandred further.

While he rode up and down, without keeping any Road, he met, by the way-side, a handsome Lady, who wept bitterly. He stopt his Horse, ask'd who she was, how she came to be alone in that Place, and what she wanted. I am, says she, Daughter to an *Indian* King: As I was taking the Air on Horse-back, in the Country, I grew sleepy, fell from my Horse, who is got away, and I know not what is become of him. The young Prince taking Compassion on her, ask'd her to get up behind him, which she willingly accepted.

As they pass'd by the Ruins of a House, the Lady signified a Desire to alight on some Occasion. The Prince stopp'd, and suffered her to alight; then he alighted himself, and went near the Ruins with his Horse in his Hand: But you may judge how much he was surpriz'd, when he heard the Lady within it, say these Words: *Be glad, my Children, I bring you a handsome young Man, and very fat; and other Voices, which answer'd immediately, Mamma, where is he, that we may eat him presently, for we are very hungry.*

The Prince heard enough to convince him of his Danger, and then he perceiv'd that the Lady, who call'd herself Daughter to an *Indian King*, was a *Hogress*, Wife to one of those Savage Demons, call'd *Hogres*, who stay in remote Places, and make use of a thousand Wiles to surprize and devour Passengers; so that the Prince being thus frighten'd, mounted his Horse as soon as he could.

The pretended Princess appear'd that very Moment, and perceiving she had miss'd her Prey, she cries, Fear nothing, Prince: Who are you? whom do you seek? I have lost my way, replies he, and am seeking it. If you have lost your way, says she, recommend your self to God, he will deliver you out of your Perplexity. Then the Prince lift up his Eyes towards Heaven. — But, Sir, says *Scheherazade*, I am oblig'd to break off, for Day appears.

I long mightily, says *Dinarzade*, to know what became of that young Prince, I tremble for him. I will deliver you from your Uneasiness to morrow, answers the Sultaneß, if the Sultan will allow me to live till then. *Schahriar*, willing to hear an end of this Adventure, prolonged *Scheherazade's* Life for another Day.

The Sixteenth Night.

D*inarzade* had such a mighty Desire to hear out the Story of the young Prince, that she awak'd that Night sooner than ordinary, and said, Sister, pray go on with the Story you began yesterday: I am much concern'd for the young Prince, and ready to die for fear that he was

eat up by the *Hogress* and her Children. *Schahbriar* having signified that he had the same Fear, the Sultaneſs replies, Well, Sir, I will ſatisfy you immediately.

After the counterfeit *Indian* Princeſs had bid the young Prince recommend himſelf to God, he could not believe ſhe ſpoke ſincerely, but thought ſhe was ſure of him, and therefore lifting up his Hands to Heav'n, ſaid, Almighty Lord, caſt thine Eyes upon me, and deliver me from this Enemy. After this Prayer, the *Hogreſs* entered the Ruins again, and the Prince rode off with all poſſible Haſte. He happily found his way again, and arriv'd ſafe and ſound at his Father's Court, to whom he gave a particular Account of the Danger he had been in, through the Viſier's Neglect; upon which, the King being incens'd againſt that Miniſter, order'd him to be ſtrangled that very Moment.

Sir, continues the *Grecian* King's Viſier: To return to the Phyſician *Douban*, if you don't take care, the Confidence you put in him will be fatal to you; I am very well aſſured that he is a Spy ſent by your Enemies to attempt your Maſteſty's Life. He has cur'd you, you will ſay: But alas! who can aſſure you of that? He has perhaps cur'd you only in Appearance, and not radically; who knows but the Medicine he has given you, may in time have pernicious Effects.

The *Grecian* King, who had naturally very little Senſe, was not able to diſcover the wicked Deſign of his Viſier, nor had he Firmneſs enough to perſiſt in his firſt Opinion. This Diſcourſe ſtaggered him: Viſier, ſays he, thou art in the right; he may be come on purpoſe to take away my Life, which he may eaſily do, by the very Smell of ſome of his Drugs. We muſt conſider what is fit for us to do in this Caſe.

When the Viſier found the King in ſuch a Temper as he would have him, Sir, ſays he, the ſureſt and ſpeedieſt Method you can take to ſecure your Life, is to ſend immediately for the Phyſician *Douban*, and order his Head to be cut off as ſoon as he comes. In truth, ſays the King, I believe that's the way we muſt take to prevent his Deſign. When he had ſpoke thus, he call'd for one of his Officers, and order'd him to go for the Phyſician, who knowing
nothing

nothing of the King's Design, came to the Palace in great Haste.

Know ye, says the King, when he saw him, why I sent for you? No, Sir, answer'd he, I wait till your Majesty be pleas'd to inform me. I sent for you, reply'd the King, to rid my self of you, by taking your Life.

No Man can express the Surprize of the Physician, when he heard the Sentence of Death pronounc'd against him. Sir, says he, why would your Majesty take my Life? What Crime have I committed? I am inform'd by good hands, replies the King, that you came to my Court only to attempt my Life; but to prevent you, I will be sure of yours. Give the Blow, says he to the Executioner, who was present, and deliver me from a perfidious Wretch, who came hither on purpose to assassinate me.

When the Physician heard this cruel Order, he readily judg'd that the Honours and Presents he had received from the King, had procur'd him Enemies, and that the weak Prince was impos'd upon. He repented that he had cur'd him of his Leprosy, but it was now too late. Is it thus, replies the Physician, that you reward me for curing you? The King would not hearken to him, but ordered the Hangman a second time to strike the fatal Blow. The Physician, then, had recourse to his Prayers: Alas! Sir, cries he, prolong my Days, and God will prolong yours; don't put me to death, lest God treat you in the same manner. The Fisherman broke off his Discourse here, to apply it to the *Genie*. Well, *Genie*, says he, you see what pass'd then betwixt the *Grecian* King and his Physician *Douban*, is acted just now betwixt us.

The *Grecian* King, continues he, instead of having regard to the Prayers of the Physician, who begg'd him for God's-sake to spare him, cruelly reply'd to him, No, no; I must of Necessity cut you off, otherwise you may take my Life away with as much Subtleness as you cur'd me. The Physician melting into Tears, and bewailing himself sadly for being so ill rewarded by the King, prepar'd for Death. The Executioner bound up his Eyes, ty'd his Hands, and went to draw his Scimiter.

Then

Then the Courtiers who were present, being mov'd with Compassion, begg'd the King to pardon him, assuring his Majesty that he was not guilty of the Crime laid to his Charge, and that they would answer for his Innocence: But the King was inflexible, and answer'd them so, as they dar'd not to say any more of the Matter.

The Physician being on his Knees, his Eyes ty'd up, and ready to receive the fatal Blow, address'd himself once more to the King. Sir, says he, since your Majesty will not revoke the Sentence of Death; I beg, at least, that you would give me leave to return to my House, to give order about my Burial, to bid farewell to my Family, to give Alms, and to bequeath my Books to those who are capable of making good use of them. I have one particularly I would present to your Majesty, it's a very precious Book, and worthy to be laid up very carefully in your Treasury. Well, replies the King, why is that Book so precious as you talk of? Sir, says the Physician, because it contains an infinite Number of curious Things; of which the chief is, that when you have cut off my Head, if your Majesty will give your self the Trouble to open the Book at the sixth Leaf, and read the third Line of the left Page, my Head will answer all the Questions you ask it. The King being curious to see such a wonderful Thing, deferr'd his Death till next Day, and sent him home under a strong Guard.

The Physician, during that time, put his Affairs in order; and the Report being spread, that an unheard of Prodigy was to happen after his Death, the Vissiers, Emirs, Officers of the Guard, and, in a word, the whole Court, repair'd next Day to the Hall of Audience, that they might be Witnesses of it.

The Physician *Douban* was soon brought in, and advanced to the Foot of the Throne, with a great Book in his Hand; there he call'd for a Basen, upon which he laid the Cover that the Book was wrapp'd in, and presenting the Book to the King: Sir, says he, take that Book, if you please, and as soon as my Head is cut off, order that it be put into the Basen upon the Cover of the Book; as soon as it is put there, the Blood will stop; then open the Book, and my Head will answer your Questions. But, Sir, says he,

he, permit me once more to implore your Majesty's Clemency; for God's Sake grant my Request, I protest to you that I am innocent. Your Prayers, answers the King, are in vain; and were it for nothing but to hear your Head speak after your Death, it's my Will you should die. As he said this, he took the Book out of the Physician's Hand, and order'd the Executioner to do his Duty.

The Head was so dextrously cut off, that it fell into the Basen, and was no sooner laid upon the Cover of the Book, but the Blood stopped; then, to the great Surprize of the King and all the Spectators, it open'd its Eyes, and said, Sir, will your Majesty be pleas'd to open the Book? The King open'd it, and finding that one Leaf was as it were glew'd to another, that he might turn it with the more Ease, he put his Finger to his Mouth, and wet it with Spit- tle. He did so till he came to the sixth Leaf, and finding no Writing on the Place where he was bid look for it, Phy- sician, says he, to the Head, here's nothing writ. Turn over some more Leaves, replies the Head. The King continu'd to turn over, putting always his Finger to his Mouth, un- til the Poison, with which each Leaf was imbru'd, coming to have its Effect; the Prince finding himself, all of a sud- den, taken with an extraordinary Fit, his Eye-sight fail'd, and he fell down at the Foot of his Throne in great Con- vulsions. At these Words, *Scheherazade* perceiving Day, gave the Sultan Notice of it, and forbore speaking.

Ah, dear Sister, says *Dinarzade*, how grieved am I that you have not time to finish this Story; I should be inconsol- able if you lose your Life to Day. Sister, replies the Sul- tane's, that must be as the Sultan pleases; but I hope he will be so good as to suspend my Death till to morrow. And accordingly *Schahriar*, far from ordering her Death that Day, expected next Night with much Impatience; so ear- nest was he to hear out the Story of the *Grecian King*, and the Sequel of that of the Fisherman and the *Genie*.

The Seventeenth Night.

THO' *Dinarzade* was very curious to hear the rest of the Story of the *Grecian King*, she did not awake that Night so soon as usual, so that it was almost Day before she call'd upon the Sultaness, and then said, I pray you, Sister, to continue the wonderful Story of the *Grecian King*; but make haste, I beseech you, for it will speedily be Day.

Scheherazade resum'd the Story where she left off the Day before: Sir, says she to the Sultan, when the Physician *Douban*, or rather his Head, saw that the Poison had taken Effect, and that the King had but a few Moments to live: Tyrant, it cried, now you see how Princes are treated, who abusing their Authority, cut off innocent Men, God punishes soon or late their Injustice and Cruelty. Scarce had the Head spoke these Words, till the King fell down dead, and the Head it self lost what Life it had.

Sir, continues *Scheherazade*, such was the end of the *Grecian King* and the Physician *Douban*; I must return now to the Story of the Fisherman and the *Genie*, but it's not worth while to begin it now, for it is Day. The Sultan, who always observ'd his Hours regularly, could stay no longer, but got up; and having a mind to hear the Sequel of the Story of the *Genie* and the Fisherman, he bid the Sultaness prepare to tell it him next Night.

The Eighteenth Night.

D*inarzade* made amends this Night for last Night's Neglect; she awak'd a long time before Day, and calling upon *Scheherazade*, Sister, says she, if you be not asleep, pray give us the rest of the Story of the Fisherman and the *Genie*; you know the Sultan desires to hear it as well as I.

I shall soon satisfy his Curiosity and yours, answers the Sultaness; and then addressing her self to *Schahriar*, Sir,
contin'd

continu'd she, as soon as the Fisherman had concluded the History of the *Greek King* and his Physician *Douban*, he made the Application to the *Genie*, whom he still kept shut up in the Vessel. If the *Grecian King*, says he, would have suffer'd the Physician to live, God would also have suffered him to live ; but he rejected his most humble Prayers, and it's the same with thee, O *Genie* ! Could I have prevail'd with thee, to grant me the Favour I demanded, I should now have had pity upon thee ; but since, notwithstanding the extream Obligation thou wast under to me, for having set thee at Liberty, thou didst persist in thy Design to kill me, I am oblig'd, in my turn, to be as hard-hearted to thee.

My good Friend, Fisherman, replies the *Genie*, I conjure thee once more, not to be guilty of so cruel a Thing ; consider, that it is not good to avenge one's self, and that on the other hand, it's commendable to do Good for Evil ; don't treat me as *Imama* treated *Ateca* formerly. And what did *Imama* to *Ateca*, replies the Fisherman ? Ho ! says the *Genie*, if you have a mind to know it, open the Vessel ; do you think that I can be in a Humour to tell Stories, in so strait a Prison. I will tell you as many as you please, when you let me out. No, says the Fisherman, I will not let thee out, it's in vain to talk of it, I am just going to throw you into the Bottom of the Sea. Hear me one Word more, cries the *Genie*, I promise to do thee no hurt ; nay, far from that, I will shew thee a way how thou mayst become exceeding rich.

The Hope of delivering himself from Poverty, prevail'd with the Fisherman. I could listen to thee, says he, were there any Credit to be given to thy Word ; swear to me by the great Name of God, that you will faithfully perform what you promise, and I will open the Vessel ; I don't believe you will dare to break such an Oath.

The *Genie* swore to him, and the Fisherman immediately took off the Covering of the Vessel : At that very Instant the Smoak came out, and the *Genie* having resum'd his Form, as before, the first thing he did, was to kick the Vessel into the Sea. This Action frightened the Fisherman : *Genie*, says he, what's the Meaning of that ? won't you keep

keep the Oath you just now made; and must I say to you, as the Physician *Douban* said to the *Grecian King*, Suffer me to live, and God will prolong your Days.

The *Genie* laugh'd at the Fisherman's Fear, and answered, No, Fisherman, be not afraid, I only did it to divert my self, and to see if thou wouldst be alarm'd at it; but to perswade thee that I am in earnest, take thy Nets and follow me. As he spoke those Words, he walk'd before the Fisherman, who having taken up his Nets, follow'd him, but with some Distrust; they pass'd by the Town, and came to the Top of a Mountain, from whence they descended into a vast Plain, which brought them to a great Pond, that lay betwixt four Hills.

When they came to the side of the Pond, the *Genie* says to the Fisherman, Cast in thy Nets and take Fish; the Fisherman did not doubt to catch some, because he saw a great Number in the Pond; but was extreamly surpriz'd, when he found they were of four Colours, that is to say, white, red, blue and yellow. He threw in his Nets, and brought out one of each Colour; having never seen the like, he could not but admire them, and judging that he might get a considerable Sum for them, he was very joyful. Carry those Fish, says the *Genie* to him, and present them to thy Sultan; he will give you more Money for them than ever you had in your Life. You may come every Day to fish in this Pond, but I give thee warning not to throw in thy Nets above once a Day; otherwise you will repent it. Take heed and remember my Advice; if you follow it exactly, you will find your Account in it. Having spoke thus, he struck his Foot upon the Ground, which open'd, and shut again after it had swallow'd up the *Genie*.

The Fisherman being resolv'd to follow the *Genie's* Advice exactly, forbore casting in his Nets a second time; but return'd to the Town very well satisfied with his Fish, and making a thousand Reflections upon his Adventure. He went straight to the Sultan's Palace, to present him his Fish.—— But, Sir, says *Scheherazade*, I perceive Day, and must stop here.

Dear Sister, says *Dinarzade*, how surprising are the last Events you have told us; I have much ado to believe, that
any

any thing you have to say can be more surprizing. Sister, replies the Sultaneſs, if the Sultan, my Maſter, will let me live till to-morrow, I am perſwaded you will find the ſequel of the Hiſtory of the Fiſherman more wonderful than the beginning of it, and incomparably more diverting. *Schahriar* curious to know if the remainder of the Story of the Fiſherman, would be ſuch as the Sultaneſs ſaid, he put off the Execution of his cruel Law, for one Day more.

The Nineteenth Night.

TOWARDS Morning, *Dinarzade* call'd the Sultaneſs, and ſaid, dear Sister, my Pendulum tells me it will be Day ſpeedily, therefore pray continue the Hiſtory of the Fiſherman; I am extream impatient to know what the Iſſue of it was. *Scheherazade* having demanded leave of *Schahriar*, reſum'd her Diſcourſe as follows: Sir, I leave it to your Maſteſty to think how much the Sultan was surpriz'd, when he ſaw the four Fiſhes which the Fiſherman preſented him. He took 'em up one after another, and beheld them with Attention; and after having admir'd 'em a long time, take thoſe Fiſhes, ſays he to his prime Viſier, and carry them to the fine Cook-maid, that the Emperor of the Greeks has ſent me, I cannot imagine but they muſt be as good as they are fine.

The Viſier carried them himſelf to the Cook, and delivering them into her Hands, Lock ye, ſays he, there are four Fiſhes newly brought to the Sultan, he orders you to dreſs them; and having ſaid ſo, he returned to the Sultan, his Maſter, who ordered him to give the Fiſherman Four hundred Pieces of Gold of the Coin of that Country, which he did accordingly.

The Fiſherman, who had never ſeen ſo much Caſh in his Life-time, could ſcarce believe his own good Fortune, but thought it muſt needs be a Dream, until he found it to be real, when he provided Neceſſaries for his Family with it.

But,

But, Sir, says *Scheherazade*, having told you what happened to the Fisherman, I must acquaint you next, with what befel the Sultan's Cook-maid, whom we shall find in a mighty Perplexity. As soon as she had gutted the Fishes, she put them upon the Fire in a Frying-pan, with Oil, and when she thought them fry'd enough on one side, she turned them upon the other; but, O monstrous Prodigy! Scarce were they turned, when the Wall of the Kitchen opened, and in comes a young Lady of wonderful Beauty, and comely Size. She was clad in flower'd Sattin, after the *Egyptian* manner, with Pendants in her Ears, a Necklace of large Pearl, and Bracelets of Gold, garnished with Rubies, with a Rod of Myrtle in her Hand. She came towards the Frying-pan, to the great Amazement of the Cook-maid, who continued unmoveable at this sight, and striking one of the Fishes with the end of the Rod, says, *Fish, Fish, art thou in thy Duty?* The Fish having answered nothing, she repeated these Words, and then the four Fishes lift up their Heads altogether, and said to her, *Yes, yes; if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your Debt, we pay ours; if you fly, we overcome, and are content.* As soon as they had finished those Words, the Lady overturn'd the Frying-pan, and enter'd again into the open part of the Wall, which shut immediately, and became as it was before.

The Cook-maid was mightily frightened at this, and coming a little to her self, went to take up the Fishes that fell upon the Hearth, but found them blacker than Coal, and not fit to be carried to the Sultan. She was grievously troubled at it, and tell a weeping most bitterly: Alas! says she, what will become of me? If I tell the Sultan what I have seen, I am sure he will not believe me, but will be mightily enraged against me.

Whilst she was thus bewailing her self, in comes the Grand Visier, and ask'd her if the Fishes were ready; she told him all that had happened, which we may easily imagine astonished him mightily, but without speaking a word of it to the Sultan, he invented an Excuse that satisfied him, and sending immediately for the Fisherman, bid him bring him four more such Fish, for a Misfortune had befallen the other, that they were not fit to be carried to the

the Sultan. The Fisherman, without saying any thing of what the *Genie* had told him, in order to excuse himself from bringing them that very Day, told the Visier, he had a great way to go for 'em, but would certainly bring them to-morrow Morning.

Accordingly the Fisherman went away by Night, and coming to the Pond, threw in his Nets betimes next Morning, took four such Fishes as the former, and brought them to the Visier at the Hour appointed. This Minister took 'em himself, carried them to the Kitchen, and shutting himself up all alone with the Cook-maid, she gutted them, and put 'em on the Fire, as she had done the four others the Day before; when they were fryed on the one side, and that she turn'd them upon the other, the Kitchen-Wall open'd, and the same Lady came in, with the Rod in her Hand, struck one of the Fishes, spoke to it as before, and all Four gave her the same Answer. But, Sir, says *Scheherazade*, Day appears, which obliges me to break off. What I have told you, is indeed very singular, but if I be alive to-morrow, I will tell you other Things, which are yet better worth your hearing. *Schahriar*, conceiving that the Sequel must be very curious, resolv'd to hear her next Night.

The Twentieth Night.

NExt Morning the Sultan prevented *Dinarzade*, and says to *Scheherazade*, Madam, I pray you to make an end of the Story of the Fisherman, I am impatient to hear it. Upon which the Sultaneſs continued it thus.

Sir, after the four Fishes had answer'd the young Lady, she overturn'd the Frying-pan with her Rod, and retir'd into the same Place of the Wall from whence she came out. The Grand Visier being Witness to what pass'd; this is too surprizing and extraordinary, says he, to be conceal'd from the Sultan, I will inform him of this Prodigy, which he did accordingly, and gave him a faithful Account of all that had happen'd.

The Sultan being much surpriz'd, was mighty impatient to see this himself. To this end, he sent immediately for the Fisherman, and says to him, Friend, can't you bring me four more such Fishes? the Fisherman reply'd, if your Majesty will be pleas'd to allow me three Days time, I'll do it. Having obtain'd his Time, he went to the Pond immediately, and at the first throwing in of his Net, he took four such Fishes, and brought them presently to the Sultan, who was so much the more rejoiced at it, that he did not expect them so soon, and order'd him other four hundred Pieces of Gold. As soon as the Sultan had the Fish, he order'd them to be carry'd into his Closet, with all that was necessary for frying them; and having shut himself up there with his Visier, that Minister gutted them, put 'em in the Pan upon the Fire, and when they were fry'd on one Side, turn'd them upon the other; then the Wall of the Closet open'd, but instead of the young Lady, there came out a Black, in Habit of a Slave, and of a gigantick Stature, with a great green Batton in his Hand. He advanc'd towards the Pan, and touching one of the Fishes with his Batton, says to it, with a terrible Voice, *Fish, art thou in thy Duty?* At these Words, the Fishes rais'd up their Heads, and answer'd, *Yes, yes, we are; if you reckon, we reckon; if you pay your Debts, we pay ours; if you fly, we overcome, and are content.*

The Fishes had no sooner finish'd those Words, but the Black threw the Pan into the middle of the Closet, and reduc'd the Fishes to a Coal. Having done this, he retir'd fiercely, and entering again into the Hole of the Wall, it shut, and appear'd just as it was before.

After what I have seen, says the Sultan to the Visier, it will not be possible for me to be easy in my Mind. These Fish, without doubt, signify something extraordinary, in which I have a mind to be satisfied. He sent for the Fisherman, and when he came, says to him, Fisherman, the Fishes you have brought us, make me very uneasy; where did you catch them? Sir, answers he, I fish'd for them in a Pond situated betwixt four Hills, beyond the Mountain that we see from hence. Know you that Pond, says the Sultan to the Visier? No, Sir, replies the Visier, I never

so much as heard of it; and yet, it's now sixty Years since I hunted beyond that Mountain, and thereabouts. The Sultan ask'd the Fisherman, how far the Pond might be from the Palace; the Fisherman answer'd, it was not above three Hours Journey: Upon this Assurance, and there being Day enough beforehand, the Sultan commanded all his Court to take Horse, and the Fisherman serv'd 'em for a Guide. They all ascended the Mountain, and at the Foot of it, they saw, to their great Surprize, a vast Plain, that no body had observ'd till then, and at last they came to the Pond, which they found actually to be situated betwixt four Hills, as the Fisherman had said. The Water of it was so transparent, that they observ'd all the Fishes, to belike those which the Fisherman had brought to the Palace.

The Sultan staid upon the Bank of the Pond, and after beholding the Fishes with Admiration, he demanded of his Emirs, and all his Courtiers, if it was possible they had never seen this Pond, which was within so little a way of the Town. They all answered, that they had never so much as heard of it.

Since you all agree, says he, that you never heard of it, and that I am no less astonish'd than you are, at this Novelty, I am resolv'd not to return to my Palace, till I know how this Pond comes hither, and why all the Fish in it are of four Colours. Having spoke thus, he order'd his Court to encamp, and immediately his Pavilion, and the Tents of his Household, were planted upon the Banks of the Pond.

When Night came, the Sultan retir'd under his Pavilion, and spoke to the Grand Visier by himself, thus: Visier, my Mind is very uneasy; this Pond transported hither; the Black that appear'd to us in my Closet, and the Fishes that we heard speak; all this does so much whet my Curiosity, that I cannot resist the impatient Desire that I have to be satisfied in it. To this end, I am resolv'd to withdraw alone from the Camp, and I order you to keep my Absence secret; stay in my Pavilion, and to-morrow Morning when the Emirs and Courtiers come to attend my Levee, send 'em away, and tell 'em that I am somewhat indispos'd, and have a Mind to be alone, and the following Day tell them the same thing, till I return.

The Grand Vifier said several things to divert the Sultan from this Design; he represented to him the Danger to which he might be expos'd, and that all his Labour might perhaps be in vain. But 'twas to no purpose, the Sultan was resolv'd on it, and would go. He put on a Suit fit for walking, and took his Scimiter, and as soon as he saw that all was quiet in the Camp, he goes out alone, and went over one of the Hills without much Difficulty; he found the Descent still more easy, and when he came to the Plain, walk'd on till the Sun rose, and then he saw before him, at a considerable Distance, a great Building. He rejoic'd at the Sight, in hopes to be inform'd there, of what he had a mind to know. When he came near, he found it was a magnificent Palace, or rather a very strong Castle, of fine black polished Marble, and cover'd with fine Steel, as smooth as a Looking-glass. Being mightily pleas'd that he had so speedily met with something worthy his Curiosity, he stopp'd before the Front of the Castle, and consider'd it with abundance of Attention.

He afterwards came up to the Gate, which had two Leaves, one of them open; tho' he might have enter'd when he would, yet he thought it best to knock. He knock'd at first softly, and waited for some time; but seeing no body, and supposing they had not heard him, he knock'd harder the second time, but neither seeing nor hearing any body, he knock'd again and again, but no body appearing, it surpriz'd him extreamly; for he could not think, that a Castle so well in repair, was without Inhabitants. If there be no body in it, says he to himself, I have nothing to fear, and if there be, I have wherewith to defend my self.

At last he enter'd, and when he came within the Porch, he cried, is there no body here to receive a Stranger, who comes in for some Refreshment as he passes by? He repeated the same two or three times; but tho' he spoke very high, no body answer'd. This Silence increas'd his Astonishment; he came into a very spacious Court, and looking on every side, to see if he could perceive any body, he saw no living thing — But, Sir, says *Scheherazade*, Day appears, and I must stop.

Ah!

Ah! Sister, says *Dinarzade*, you break off at the very best of the Story. It's true, answers the Sultaneſs, but Sister, you ſee I am forc'd to do ſo. If my Lord the Sultan pleaſes, you may hear the reſt to-morrow. *Schahriar* agreed to this, not ſo much to pleaſure *Dinarzade*, as to ſatisfy his own Curioſity, being mighty impatient to know what Adventure the Prince met with in the Caſtle.

The Twenty Firſt Night.

D*inarzade*, to make amends for her Neglect the Night before, never laid Eye together, and when ſhe thought it was time, awak'd the Sultaneſs, ſaying to her, my dear Sister, pray give us an Account of what happen'd in the fine Caſtle where you left us yeſterday.

Scheherazade forthwith reſum'd her Story, and addreſſing her ſelf to *Schahriar*, ſays Sir, the Sultan perceiving no body in the Court, enter'd the great Halls, which were hung with Silk Tapeſtry, the Alcoves and Sofas were cover'd with Stuffs of *Mecca*, and the Porches with the richeſt Stuffs of the *Indies*, mixt with Gold and Silver. He came afterwards into an admirable Saloon, in the middle of which there was a great Fountain, with a Lion of matſy Gold at each Corner: Water iſſued at the Mouths of the four Lions, and this Water, as it fell, form'd Diamonds and Pearls, that very well answered a Jet of Water, which ſpringing from the middle of the Fountain, roſe as high, almoſt as the bottom of a Cupulo, painted after the *Arabian* manner.

The Caſtle, on three Sides, was encompassed by a Garden, with Flower-pots, Water works, Groves, and a thouſand other fine Things concurr'd to embellish it; and what compleated the Beauty of the Place, was an infinite number of Birds, which fill'd the Air with their harmonious Notes, and always ſtay'd there, Nets being ſpread over the Trees, and faſten'd to the Palace, to keep them in. The Sultan walk'd a long time from Apartment to Apartment, where he found every thing very great and magnificent. Being tir'd with walking, he ſat down in an open Clotet,

which had a view over the Garden, and there reflecting upon what he had already seen, and did then see, all of a sudden he heard the Voice of one complaining, accompanied with lamentable Cries. He listen'd with Attention, and heard distinctly these sad Words; *O Fortune! thou who wouldst not suffer me longer to enjoy a happy Lot, and had made me the most unfortunate Man in the World, forbear to persecute me, and by a speedy Death, put an end to my Sorrows. Alas! is it possible that I am still alive after so many Torments as I have suffered?*

The Sultan being affected with those pitiful Complaints, rose up, and made towards the Place where he heard the Voice; and when he came to the Gate of a great Hall, he opened it, and saw a handsome young Man, richly habited, sit upon a Throne rais'd a little above the Ground. Melancholy was painted on his Looks. The Sultan drew near and saluted him; the young Man returned him his Salute, by a low bow with his Head; but not being able to rise up, he says to the Sultan; My Lord, I am very well satisfied that you deserve I should rise up to receive you, and do you all possible Honour; but I am hinder'd from doing so, by a very sad Reason, and therefore hope you will not take it ill. My Lord, replies the Sultan, I am very much oblig'd to you for having so good an Opinion of me: As to the Reason of your not rising, whatever your Apology be, I heartily accept it. Being drawn hither by your Complaints, and afflicted by your Grief, I come to offer you my help. Would to God that it lay in my power to ease you of your Troubles; I would do my utmost to effect it. I flatter my self that you would willingly tell me the History of your Misfortunes; but pray tell me first, the meaning of the Pond near this Place, where the Fishes are of four Colours? What this Castle is? How you come to be here? And why you are alone?

Instead of answering these Questions, the young Man began to weep bitterly. *O how inconstant is Fortune!* cried he, *she takes pleasure to pull down those Men she had raised up. Where are they who enjoy quietly the Happiness which they hold of her, and whose Day is always clear and serene?*

The Sultan mov'd with Compassion to see him in that Condition, pray'd him forthwith to tell him the Cause of his excessive Grief. Alas! my Lord, replies the young Man, how is it possible but I should grieve, and why should not my Eyes be inexhaustible Fountains of Tears? At these words lifting up his Gown, he shew'd the Sultan that he was a Man only from the Head to the Girdle, and that the other half of his Body was black Marble.—Here *Scheherazade* broke off, and told the Sultan that Day appeared.

Schabriar was so much charm'd with the Story, and became so much in Love with *Scheherazade*, that he resolv'd to let her live a Month. He got up however as usual, without acquainting her with his Resolution.

The Twenty Second Night.

D*inarzade* was so impatient to hear out the Story, that she call'd her Sister next Morning sooner than usual, and says to her, Sister, pray continue the wonderful Story you began, but could not make an end of yesterday Morning. I agree to it, replies the Sultaness, hearken then.

You may easily imagine, continues she, that the Sultan was strangely surpriz'd, when he saw the deplorable Condition of the young Man. That which you shew me, says he, as it fills me with Horror, whets my Curiosity, so that I am impatient to hear your History, which, no doubt, is very strange, and I am perswaded that the Pond and the Fishes make some part of it; therefore I conjure you to tell it me. You will find some Comfort in it, since, it is certain, that unfortunate People find some sort of ease in telling their Misfortunes. I will not refuse you this Satisfaction, replies the young Man, tho' I can't do it without renewing my Grief. But I give you notice before-hand, to prepare your Ears, your Mind, and even your Eyes, for Things which surpass all that the most extraordinary Imagination can conceive.

The History of the young King of the Black Isles.

YOU must know, my Lord, continu'd he, that my Father, who was call'd *Mahmoud*, was King of this Country. This is the Kingdom of the *Black-Isles*, which takes its Name from the four little neighbouring Mountains, for those Mountains were formerly Isles. The Capitol where the King my Father had his Residence, was where that Pond you now see is, The Sequel of my History will inform you of all those Changes.

The King my Father died when he was Seventy Years of Age; I had no sooner succeeded him, but I marry'd, and the Lady I chose to share the Royal Dignity with me, was my Cousin. I had all the Reason-imaginable to be satisfied in her Love to me, and for my part, I had so much Tenderness for her, that nothing was comparable to the good Understanding betwixt us, which lasted five Years, at the end of which time, I perceived the Queen, my Cousin, had no more delight in me.

One Day, while she was at Bath, I found my self sleepy after Dinner, and lay down upon a Sofa; two of her Ladies who were then in my Chamber, came and sat down, one at my Head, and the other at my Feet, with Fans in their Hands to moderate the Heat, and to hinder the Flies from troubling me in my Sleep. They thought I was fast, and spoke very low, but I only shut my Eyes, and heard every word they said.

One of them says to the other, Is not the Queen much in the wrong, not to love such an amiable Prince as this? Ay certainly, replies the other, for my part, I don't understand it, and I know not why she goes out every Night, and leaves him alone! Is it possible that he does not perceive it? Alas, says the first, how would you have him to perceive it? She mixes every Evening in his Drink the Juice of a certain Herb, which makes him sleep so sound all Night, that she has time to go where she pleases, and as Day begins to appear, she comes and lies down by him again, and
wakes

wakes him by the Smell of something she puts under his Nose.

You may guess, my Lord, how much I was surpriz'd at this Discourte, and with what Sentiments it inspir'd me; yet, whatever Emotions it made within me, I had Command enough over my self to dissemble it, feign'd my self to wake without having heard one word of it.

The Queen return'd from the Bath, we sup'd together, and before we went to Bed, she presented me with a Cup full of such Water as I was accustomed to drink, but instead of putting it to my Mouth, I went to a Window that stood open, and threw out the Water so privately, that she did not perceive it, and put the Cup again into her Hands, to persuade her that I had drunk it.

We went to Bed together, and soon after, believing that I was asleep, tho' I was not, she got up with so little Precaution, that she said, so loud as I could hear it distinctly, Sleep, and may you never wake again: She dress'd her self speedily, and went out of the Chamber. — As *Scheherazade* spoke those Words, she saw Day appear, and stop'd.

Dinarzade had heard her Sister with a great deal of Pleasure, and *Scahriar* thought the History of the King of the *Black-Isles* so worthy of his Curiosity, that he rose up full of Impatience, for the return of the Night, that he might hear the rest of it.

The Twenty Third Night.

AN Hour before Day, *Dinarzade* being awake, fail'd not to call upon the Sultaneß, and said, Pray, dear Sister, go on with the History of the young King of the four *Black-Islands*. *Scheherazade* calling to mind where she had left off, resum'd the Story thus.

As soon as the Queen my Wife went out, continues the King of the *Black-Islands*, I got up, dress'd me in haste, took my Scimiter, and follow'd her so quick, that I soon heard the sound of her Feet before me, and then walk'd softly after her, for fear of being heard. She pass'd thro' several Gates, which open'd upon her, pronouncing some

Dis,

Magical

Magical Words, and the last she open'd was that of the Garden which she enter'd; I stopp'd at that Gate, that she might not perceive me, as she cross'd a Plott, and looking after her as far as I could in the Night, I perceiv'd that she enter'd a little Wood, whose Walks were guarded by thick Pallifadoes. I went thither by another way, and slipping behind the Pallifadoes of a long Walk, I saw her walking there with a Man.

I gave very good heed to their Discourse, and heard her say thus; I don't deserve, says the Queen to her Gallant, to be upbraided by you for want of Diligence, you know very well what hinders me; but if all the marks of Love that I have already given you, be not enough, I am ready to give you greater Marks of it: You need but command me you know my Power, I will if you desire it, before Sun-rising, change this great City, and this fine Palace into frightful Ruins, which shall be inhabited by nothing but Wolves, Owls, and Ravens; would you have me to transport all the Stones of those Walls so solidly built, beyond Mount *Caucasus*, and out of the bounds of the habitable World; speak but the Word, and all those Places shall be chang'd.

As the Queen finish'd these Words, her Gallant and she came to the end of the Walk, turn'd to enter another, and pass'd before me. I had already drawn my Scimiter, and her Gallant being next me, I struck him in the Neck, and made him fall to the Ground; I thought I had kill'd him, and therefore retir'd speedily without making my self known to the Queen, whom I had a mind to spare, because she was my Kinswoman.

In the mean time, the Blow I had giv'n her Gallant was mortal; but she preserv'd his Life, by the Force of her Enchantments, in such a manner, however, that he could not be said to be either dead or alive. As I cross'd the Garden, to return to the Palace, I heard the Queen cry out lamentably, and judging by that how much she was griev'd, I was pleas'd that I had spar'd her Life.

When I return'd to my Apartment, I went to Bed, and being satisfied with having punish'd the Villain that did me the Injury, I went to sleep; and I wak'd next Morning, found

found the Queen lying by me. ——— *Scheherazade* was oblig'd to stop here, because she saw Day.

O Heaven ! Sister, says *Dinarzade*, how it troubles me that you can say no more. Sister, replies the Sultaness, you ought to have awak'd me more early, it is your Fault. I will make amends next Night, replies *Dinarzade*, for I doubt not but the Sultan is as willing to hear out the Story as I am, and I hope he will be so good, as to let you live one Day more.

The Twenty Fourth Night.

D*inarzade* was actually as good as her word, she call'd the Sultaness very early, saying, Dear Sister, if you be not asleep, pray make an end of the agreeable History of the King of the *Black-Isles*, I am ready to die with Impatience to know how he came to be chang'd into Marble. You shall hear it, replies *Scheherazade*, if the Sultan will give me leave.

I found the Queen lying by me then, says the King of the *Black-Islands*, I can't tell you whether she sleep'd or not ; but I got up without making any Noise, and went to my Closet, where I made an end of dressing my self. I afterwards went and held my Council, and at my return, the Queen was clad in Mourning, her Hair hanging about her Eyes, and part of it pull'd off, presented her self before me, and said ; Sir, I come to beg your Majesty not to be surpriz'd to see me in this Condition ; three afflicting pieces of News I have just now receiv'd all at once, are the Cause of my heavy Grief, of which the Tokens you see are but very faint Resemblances. Alas ! what is that News, Madam, says I ? The Death of the Queen my dear Mother, answers she, that of the King my Father, kill'd in Battle, and that of one of my Brothers, who is fallen headlong into a Pit.

I was not ill-pleas'd, that she made use of this Pretext, to hide the true Cause of her Grief, and I thought she had not suspected me to have kill'd her Gallant. Madam, says I, I am so far from blaming your Grief, that I as-
sure

sure you, I am willing to bear what share of it is proper for me, I should very much wonder, if you were insensible of so great a Loss; Mourn on, your Tears are so many Proofs of your good Nature; but I hope, however, that Time and Reason will moderate your Grief.

She retir'd into her Apartment, where giving her self wholly up to Sorrow, she spent a whole Year in Mourning, and afflicting her self. At the end of that time she begg'd leave of me, to build a Burying-place for her self, within the Bounds of the Palace, where she would continue, she told me, to the end of her Days: I agreed to it, and she built a stately Palace, with a Cupulo, that may be seen here, and she call'd it the *Palace of Tears*: When it was finish'd, she caus'd bring her Gallant thither, from the Place whither she had made him be carried the same Night that I wounded him; she had hinder'd his dying, by a Drink she gave him, and carried to him her self every Day, after he came to the *Palace of Tears*.

Yet, with all her Enchantments, she could not cure the Wretch; he was not only unable to walk, and to help himself, but had also lost the Use of his Speech, and gave no sign of Life, but only by his Looks. Tho' the Queen had no other Consolation but to see him, and to say to him all that her foolish Passion could inspire her with, yet every Day she made him two long Visits: I was very well inform'd of all this, but pretended to know nothing of it.

One Day I went out of Curiosity to the *Palace of Tears*, to see how the Princess employ'd her self, and going to a place where she could not see me, I heard her speak thus to her Gallant; I am afflicted to the highest Degree, to see you in this Condition; I am as sensible as you your self of the tormenting Grief you endure; but, dear Soul, I always speak to you, and you don't answer me: How long will you be silent? Speak only one Word: Alas! the sweetest Moments of my Life, are these I spend here in partaking of your Grief, I cannot live at a Distance from you, and would prefer the Pleasure of always seeing you to the Empire of the Universe.

At these Words, which were several times interrupted by her Sighs and Sobs, I lost all patience, and discovering my

my self came up to her, and said, Madam, you have mourn'd enough, it's time to give over this Sorrow, which dishonours us both; you have too much forgot what you owe to me and to your self. Sir, says she, if you have any Kindness or Complaisance left for me, I beseech you put no Force upon me, allow me to give my self up to mortal Grief, it's impossible Time for to lessen it.

When I saw that my Discourse, instead of bringing her to Duty, serv'd only to increase her Rage, I gave over and retir'd. She continued every Day to visit her Gallant, and for two whole Years gave her self up to excessive Grief.

I went a second time to the *Palace of Tears*, while she was there, I hid my self again, and heard her speak thus to her Gallant: It is now three Years since you spoke one Word to me, you return no Answer to the Marks of Love I give you, by my Discourses and Groans. Is it from want of Sense, or out of Contempt? O Tomb! have you abated that excessive Love he had for me? Have you shut those Eyes that shew'd me so much Love, and were all my Joy? No, no, I believe nothing of it. Tell me rather, by what Miracle you become entrusted with the rarest Treasure that ever was in the World.

I must confess, my Lord, I was enrag'd at these Words; for, in short, this Gallant so much doted upon this ador'd Mortal, was not such an one as you would imagine him to have been: He was a black *Indian*, a Native of that Country. I say, I was so enrag'd at that Discourse, that I discover'd my self all of a sudden, and addressing the Tomb in my turn, O Tomb! cry'd I, why don't you swallow up that Monster in Nature? or rather, why don't you swallow up the Gallant and his Mistress?

I had scarce finish'd those Words when the Queen, who sat by the Black, rose up like a Fury. Ah cruel Man! says she, thou art the Cause of my Grief, don't you think but I know it? I have dissembled it but too long, it's thy barbarous Hand which hath brought the Object of my Love to this lamentable Condition; and you are so hard-hearted, as to come and insult a despairing Lover. Yes, said I, in a Rage, it's I who chastiz'd that Monster according to his Desert;

Desert; I ought to have treated thee in the same manner; I repent now that I did not do it, thou hast abus'd my Goodness too long. As I spoke these Words, I drew out my Scimiter, and lifted up my Hand to punish her; but she stedfastly beholding me, says with a jeering Smile, moderate thy Anger. At the same time, she pronounc'd Words I did not understand; and afterwards added, By Virtue of my Enchantments, I command thee immediately to become half Marble and half Man. Immediately, my Lord, I became such as you see me already, a dead Man among the Living, and a living Man among the Dead. ——— Here *Scheherazade* perceiving Day, broke off her Story.

Upon which *Dinarzade* says, dear Sister, I am extremely oblig'd to the Sultan, it's to his Goodness I owe the extraordinary Pleasure I have in your Stories. My Sister, replies the Sultaness, if the Sultan will be so good as to suffer me to live till to-morrow, I shall tell you a Thing that will afford as much Satisfaction as any thing you have yet heard. Tho' *Schahriar* had not resolv'd to defer the Death of *Scheherazade* a Month longer, he could not have order'd her to be put to Death that Day.

The Twenty Fifth Night.

TOWARDS the end of the Night, *Dinarzade* cry'd, Sister, if I don't trespass too much upon your Complaisance, I would pray you to finish the History of the King of the *Black Islands*. *Scheherazade* having awak'd upon her Sister's Call, prepar'd to give her the Satisfaction she requir'd, and began thus.

The King, half Marble and half Man, continu'd his History to the Sultan, thus; after this cruel Magician, unworthy of the Name of a Queen, had metamorphos'd me thus, and brought me into this Hall by another Enchantment, she destroy'd my Capitol, which was very flourishing and full of People, she abolish'd the Houses, the public Places and Markets, and made a Pond and desert Field of it, which you may have seen; the Fishes of four Colours in the Pond, are the four Sorts of People, of different

rent Religions, that inhabited the Place : The White are the *Mussulmen*, the Red the *Persians*, who worshipped the Fire, the Blue the *Christians*, and the Yellow the *Jews* : The four little Hills were the four Islands that gave Name to this Kingdom. I learn'd all this from the Magician, who, to add to my Affliction, told me with her own Mouth, those Effects of her Rage. But this is not all, her Revenge was not satisfy'd with the Destruction of my Dominions, and the Metamorphosis of my Person, she comes every Day, and gives me over my naked Shoulders an hundred Blows with Ox-pizzles, which makes me all over Blood ; and when she has done so, covers me with a coarse Stuff of Goats Hair, and throws over it this Robe of Brocade that you see, not to do me Honour, but to mock me.

At this Part of the Discourse, the young King could not withhold his Tears ; and the Sultan's Heart was so pierc'd with the Relation, that he could not speak one Word to comfort him. A little timeafter, the young King lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, cry'd out, Mighty Creator of all Things, I submit my self to your Judgments, and to the Decrees of your Providence : I endure my Calamities with Patience, since it's your Will it should be so ; but I hope your infinite Goodness will reward me for it.

The Sultan being much mov'd by the Recital of so strange a Story, and animated to revenge this unfortunate Prince, says to him, Tell me whither this perfidious Magician retires, and where her unworthy Gallant may be, who is bury'd before his Death. My Lord, replies the Prince, her Gallant, as I have already told you, is in the *Palace of Tears*, in a Tomb in Form of a Dome, and that Palace joyns to this Castle on the Side of the Gate ; to the Magician, I can't precisely tell whither she retires, but every Day at Sun-rising she goes to see her Gallant, after having executed her bloody Vengeance upon me, as I have told you ; and you see I am not in a Condition to defend my self against so great Cruelty. She carries him the Drink with which she has hitherto prevented his dying, and always complains of his never speaking to her since he was wounded.

Oh unfortunate Prince, ſays the Sultan, you can never be enough bewail'd ! No body can be more ſenſibly touch'd with your Condition than I am ; never did ſuch an extraordinary Misfortune befall any Man, and thoſe who write your Hiſtory will have the Advantage to relate a Paſſage that ſurpaſſes all that has ever yet been writ. There's nothing wanting but one thing, the Revenge which is due to you, and I will omit nothing that can be done to procure it.

While the Sultan diſcourſ'd upon this Subject with the young Prince, he told him who he was, and for what end he entred the Caſtle, and thought on a way to revenge him, which he communicated to him. They agreed upon the Meaſures they were to take for effecting their Deſign, but deferr'd the Execution of it till the next Day. In the mean time, the Night being far ſpent, the Sultan took ſome Reſt, but the poor young Prince paſſ'd the Night without Sleep, as uſual, having never ſlept ſince he was enchanted, but he conceiv'd ſome Hopes of being ſpeedily delivered from his Miſery:

Next Morning the Sultan got up before Day, and, in order to execute his Deſign, he hid in a Corner his upper Garment that would have been cumbersome to him, and went to the Palace of Tears. He found it enlightned with an infinite Number of Flambeaus of white Wax, and a delicious Scent iſſued from ſeveral Boxes of fine Gold of admirable Workmanſhip, all ranged in excellent Order: As ſoon as he ſaw the Bed where the Black lay, he drew his Scimiter, kill'd the Wretch without Reſiſtance, dragg'd his Corps into the Court of the Caſtle, and threw it into a Well. After this he went and lay down in the Black's Bed, took his Scimiter with him under the Counterpane, and lay there to execute what he had deſign'd.

The Magician arriv'd in a little time: She firſt went into the Chamber where her Husband the King of the *Black-Islands* was, ſtripp'd him and beat him with Bulls Pizzles in a moſt barbarous manner. The poor Prince fill'd the Palace with his Lamentations to no purpoſe, and conjur'd her in the moſt affecting manner that could be, to take pity on him, but the cruel Woman would not give over, till ſhe had given him an hundred Blows. You had no Compaſſion

on my Lover, says she, and you are to expect none from me.— *Scheherazade* perceiving Day, stopp'd and could go no further.

O Heav'ns! says *Dinarzade*, Sister, this was a barbarous Enchantress indeed! but must we stop here? Will you not tell us, whether she receiv'd the Chastisement she deserv'd? My dear Sister, says the Sultaneſs, as I desire nothing more, than to acquaint you with it to morrow, but you know that depends on the Sultan's Pleasure. After what *Schahriar* had heard, he was far from any Design to put *Scheherazade* to Death; on the contrary, says he to himself. I will not take away her Life, till she has finish'd this surprising Story, tho' it should last for two Months. It shall always be in my Power to keep the Oath I have made.

The Twenty Sixth Night.

AS soon as *Dinarzade* thought it time to call the Sultaneſs, she says to her: How much should I be obliged to you, dear Sister, if you would tell us what passed in the Palace of Tears. *Schahriar* having signified that he was as curious to know it as *Dinarzade*, the Sultaneſs resum'd the Story of the young enchanted Prince, as follows.

Sir, after the Enchantress had given the King, her Husband, an hundred Blows with Bulls Pizzles, she put on again his Covering of Goats Hair, and his Brocado Gown over all; she went afterwards to the Palace of Tears, and as she entred the same, she renewed her Tears and Lamentations; then approaching the Bed, where she thought her Gallant was, What Cruelty, cries she, was it to disturb the Contentment of so tender and passionate a Lover as I am! O thou who reproachest me that I am too inhuman, when I make thee feel the Effects of my Resentment. Cruel Prince, does not thy Barbariety surpass my Vengeance? Ah Traitor! in attempting the Life of the Object which I adore, hast not thou robbed me of mine? Alas! says she, addressing her self to the Sultan, while she thought she spoke to the Black: My Soul, my Life, will you a'ways be silent? Are you resolv'd to let me die, without giving me
to

so much Comfort as to tell me that you love me? My Soul, speak one Word to me, at least, I conjure you.

The Sultan making as if he had wak'd out of a deep Sleep, and counterfeiting the Language of the Blacks, answers the Queen with a grave Tone, *There's no Force or Power but in God alone, who is Almighty.* At these Words, the Enchantress, who did not expect them, gave a great Shout, to signify her excessive Joy. My dear Lord, cries she, don't I deceive my self, is it certain that I hear you, and that you speak to me? Unhappy Wretch, replies the Sultan, art thou worthy that I should answer thy Discourse? Alas! replies the Queen, why do you reproach me thus? The Cries replied he, the Groans and Tears of thy Husband, whom thou treatest every Day with so much Indignity and Barbarity, hinder me to sleep Night and Day. I should have been cur'd long ago, and have recover'd the Use of my Speech, hadst thou disenchant'd him. That's the Cause of my Silence, which you complain of. Very well, says the Enchantress, to pacify you, I am ready to do what you will command me; would you that I restore him as he was? Yes, replies the Sultan, make haste to set him at Liberty, that I be no more disturb'd with his Cries.

The Enchantress went immediately out of the Palace of Tears, she took a Cup of Water, and pronounc'd Words over it, which caus'd it to boil, as if it had been on the Fire. She went afterwards to the Hall, to the young King her Husband, and threw the Water upon him, saying, *If the Creator of all things did form thee so as thou art at present; or if he be angry with thee, don't change. But if thou art in that Condition, meerly by Virtue of my Enchantments, resume thy natural Shape, and become what thou wast before.* She had scarce spoke these Words, when the Prince finding himself restor'd to his former Condition, rose up freely, with all imaginable Joy, and return'd Thanks to God. The Enchantress then said to him, Get thee gone from this Castle, and never return here on Pain of Death. The young King yielding to Necessity, went away from the Enchantress, without replying one Word; and retir'd to a remote Place, where he impatiently expected the Success of the Design which the Sultan had begun so happily. Mean while

while the Enchantress return'd to the Palace of Tears, and supposing that she still spoke to the Black, says, Dear Lover, I have done what you ordered, let nothing now hinder you to give me that Satisfaction of which I have been depriv'd so long.

The Sultan continued to counterfeit the Language of the Blacks: That which you have just now done, said he, signifies nothing to my Cure, you have only eas'd me of part of my Disease; you must cut it up by the Roots. My lovely Black, replies she, What do you mean by the Root? Unfortunate Woman, replies the Sultan, don't you understand that I mean the Town, and its Inhabitants, and the four Islands, which thou hast destroy'd by thy Enchantments?

The Fishes every Night at mid-night, raise their Heads out of the Pond, and cry for Vengeance against thee and me. This is the true Cause of the Delay of my Cure. Go speedily, restore things as they were, and at thy Return I will give thee my Hand, and thou shalt help me to rise.

The Enchantress fill'd with Hopes from those Words, cried out in a Transport of Joy, My Heart, my Soul, you shall soon be restor'd to your Health, for I will immediately do what you command me. Accordingly she went that Moment, and when she came to the Brink of the Pond, she took a little Water in her Hand, and sprinkling it— Here *Scheherazade* saw Day, and stopp'd.

Dinarzade says to the Sultaneß, Sister, I am much rejoic'd to hear that the young King of the *Four Black-Islands* was disenchant'd, and I already consider the Town and the Inhabitants, as restor'd to their former State; but I long to know what will become of the Enchantress. Have a little Patience, Sister, replies the Sultaneß, you shall have the Satisfaction you desire to morrow, if the Sultan my Lord will consent to it. *Schahriar* having resolv'd on't already, as was said before, rose up and went about his Business.

The Twenty Seventh Night.

AT the usual Hour, *Dinarzade* call'd upon the Sultaneſs, thus: Dear Siſter, pray tell us what was the Fate of the Magician Queen, as you promis'd us. Upon which *Scbeherazade* went on thus: The Enchantreſs had no ſooner ſprinkled the Water, and pronounced ſome Words over the Fiſhes and the Pond, but the City was reſtored that very Minute. The Fiſhes became Men, Women and Children; Mahometans, Chriſtians, Perſians or Jews; Free-men or Slaves, as they were before; every one having recover'd their natural Form. The Houſes and Shops were immediately fill'd with their Inhabitants, who found all things as they were before the Enchantment. The Sultan's numerous Retinue, who found themſelves encamp'd in the largeſt Square, were aſtoniſh'd to ſee themſelves in an Inſtant, in the middle of a large, fine, and well-peopled City.

To return to the Enchantreſs: As ſoon as ſhe had made this wonderful Change, ſhe return'd with all Diligence to the Palace of Tears, that ſhe might reap the Fruits of it. My dear Lord, cries ſhe, as ſhe entred, I come to rejoice with you for the Return of your Health; I have done all that you requir'd of me, then pray riſe and give me your Hand. Come near, ſays the Sultan, ſtill counterfeiting the Language of the Blacks. She did ſo. You are not near enough, repli's he, come nearer; ſhe obey'd; then he aroſe up. and ſeiz'd her by the Arm ſo ſuddenly, that ſhe had not time to know who it was, and with a Blow of his Scimiter cut her in two, ſo that the one half fell one way, and the other another. This being done, he left the Carcaſe upon the Place, and going out of the Palace of Tears, he went to ſeek the young King of the *Back-Iſles*, who waited for him with a great deal of Impatience; and when he found him, Prince, ſays ſhe, embracing him, rejoice; you have nothing to fear now, your cruel Enemy is dead.

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The young Prince return'd Thanks to the Sultan in such a manner, as shew'd that he was thoroughly sensible of the Kindness that he had done him, and in Acknowledgment wish'd him a long Life and all Happiness. You may henceforward, says the Sultan, dwell peaceably in your Capitol, except you will go to mine, which is so near, where you shall be very welcome, and have as much Honour and Respect as if you were at home. Potent Monarch, to whom I am so much indebted, replies the King, you think then that you are very near your Capitol; yes, says the Sultan, I know it, it is not above four or five Hours Journey. It will take you a whole Year's Journey, says the Prince. I do believe indeed that you came hither from your Capitol in the time you spoke of, because mine was enchanted; but since the Enchantment is taken off, things are changed: However this shall not hinder me to follow you, were it to the utmost Corners of the Earth. You are my Deliverer, and that I may give you Proofs of my acknowledging this, during my whole Life, I am willing to accompany you, and to leave my Kingdom without Regret.

The Sultan was extremely surpriz'd, to understand that he was so far from his Dominions, and could not imagine how it could be. But the young King of the *Black-Islands* convinc'd him so plainly, that he could no more doubt of it. Then the Sultan replied, It is no matter, the Trouble that I shall have to return to my own Country, is sufficiently recompens'd by the Satisfaction I have had to oblige you, and by acquiring you for a Son; for since you will do me the Honour to attend me, and that I have no Child, I look upon you as one, and from this Moment I appoint you my Heir and Successor.

This Discourse between the Sultan and the King of the *Black-Islands* concluded with most affectionate Embraces, after which the young Prince was wholly taken up in making Preparations for his Journey, which were finish'd in three Weeks time, to the great Regret of his Court and Subjects, who agreed to receive at his Hands one of his nearest Kindred for King.

At last the Sultan and young Prince began their Journey, with an hundred Camels laden with inestimable Riches
from

from the Treasury of the young King, follow'd by fifty handsome Gentlemen, on Horse-back, perfectly well mounted and dress'd. They had a very happy Journey; and when the Sultan, who had sent Couriers to give Advice of his Delay, and of the Adventure which had occasion'd it, came near his Capitol, the principal Officers he had left there, came to receive him, and to assure him that his long Absence had occasion'd no Alteration in his Empire. The Inhabitants came out also in great Crowds, received him with mighty Acclamations, and made publick Rejoycings for several Days.

Next Day after his Arrival, the Sultan gave all his Courtiers a very ample Account of all things, which contrary to his Expectation had detain'd him so long. He acquainted them with his having adopted the King of the *Four Black-Islands*, who was willing to leave a great Kingdom to accompany and live with him, and in short, as an Acknowledgment of their Loyalty, he rewarded each of them according to their Rank.

And for the Fisherman, as he was the first Cause of the Deliverance of the young Prince, the Sultan gave him a plentiful Estate, which made him and his Family happy the rest of his Days.

Here *Scheherazade* made an end of the Story of the Fisherman and the *Genie*. *Dinarzade* signified, that she had taken a great deal of Pleasure in it; and *Schahriar* having said the same thing, the Sultaneß told 'em, that she knew another which was much finer, and if the Sultan would give her leave, she would tell it 'em next Morning, for Day began to appear. *Schahriar* bethinking himself, that he had granted the Sultaneß a Month's Reprieve, and being curious moreover to know if this new Story would be as agreeable as she promis'd, got up with a Design to hear it next Night.

The Twenty Eighth Night.

D*inarzade*, according to Custom, did not forget to call the Sultaneß when it was time. Madam, says she, I know not what's the matter with me, but I know very well,

well, that one of the Stories which you tell so agreeably, would be a great Relief against that Melancholy which eats me up. *Scheherazade*, without answering her, began immediately, and told the Sultan the following Story.

*The Story of the three Callenders, Sons of Kings,
and of the five Ladies of Bagdad.*

SIR, said she, in the Reign of *Caliph Haroun Alrashid*, there was at *Bagdad*, the Place of his Residence, a Porter, who, notwithstanding his mean and laborious Business, was a Fellow of Wit and good Humour. One Morning, as he was at the Place where he usually ply'd, with a great Basket waiting for Employment, a young handsome Lady, covered with a great Muslin Veil, came to him, and said with a pleasant Air, Hark ye, Porter, take your Basket and follow me. The Porter, charm'd with those few Words pronounc'd in so agreeable a manner, took his Basket immediately, set it on his Head, and follow'd the Lady, saying, *O happy Day, a Day of good Luck.*

The Lady stopp'd presently before a Gate that was shut, and knock'd : A Christian with a venerable long white Beard, open'd the Gate, and she put Money into his Hand without speaking one Word ; but the Christian, who knew what she wanted, went in, and in a little time after, brought a large Jugg of excellent Wine. Take this Jugg, says the Lady to the Porter, and put it in your Basket. This being done, she commanded him to follow her, and as she went on, the Porter says still, *O happy Day, this is a Day of agreeable Surprise and Joy.*

The Lady stopp'd at a Fruit-Shop, where she bought several sorts of Apples, Apricocks, Peaches, Quinces, Limons, Citrons, Oranges, Myrtles, sweet Basil, Lillies, Jessamin, and some other sorts of Flowers and Plants that smell well ; she bid the Porter put all into his Basket and follow her : As she went by a Butcher's Stall, she made him weigh her Twenty five Pound of his best Meat ; which she order'd the Porter to put also into his Basket :

At another Shop, she took Capers, Cucumbers, and other Herbs preserv'd in Vinegar : At another Shop, she bought

bought Pistachoes, Walnuts, Small Nuts, Almonds, Kernels of Pine-Apples, and such other Fruits; and of another, she bought all sorts of Confections. When the Porter had put all those things into his Basket, and perceiv'd that it grew full, my good Lady, says he, you ought to have given me Notice that you had so much Provision to carry, and then I wou'd have got a Horse, or rather a Camel to have carried them, for if you buy ever so little more, I shall not be able to carry it. The Lady laugh'd at the Fellow's pleasant Humour, and order'd him still to follow her.

Then she went to a Druggist, where she furnish'd herself with all manner of sweet-scented Waters, Cloves, Musk, Pepper, Ginger, and a great Piece of Ambergreese, and several other *Indian* Spices; this quite fill'd the Porter's Basket, and she order'd him to follow her. They walk'd till they came to a magnificent House, whose Front was adorn'd with fine Columns, and which had a Gate of Ivory. There they stopp'd, and the Lady knock'd softly. — Here *Scheherazade* perceiving Day, broke off.

I must own, Sister, says *Dinarzade*, the Beginning of this Story has a great deal of Curiosity, I fancy the Sultan will not deprive himself of the Pleasure of hearing the rest of it; and indeed *Schahriar* was so far from ordering the Sultaneſs to be put to Death, that he long'd impatiently next Night, to know what pass'd in the fine House.

The Twenty Ninth Night.

D*inarzade* being awak'd before Day, address'd the Sultaneſs thus: Sister, if you be awake, I would pray you to continue the History you began yesterday, and *Scheherazade* went on with it thus:

While the young Lady and the Porter staid for the opening of the Gate, the Porter had a thousand Thoughts; he wonder'd that such a fine Lady should come abroad to buy Provisions; he concluded she could not be a Slave, her Air was too noble for that, and therefore he thought she must needs be a Woman of Quality. Just as he was about to ask her some Questions upon that Head, another Lady came

to open the Gate, and appear'd so beautiful to him; that hee was perfectly surpriz'd, or rather so much struck with her Charms, that he was like to have let his Basket fall, for hee had never seen any Beauty that came near her.

The Lady who brought the Porter with her, perceiving his Disorder, and the Occasion of it, diverted her self with it, and took so much Pleasure to examine his Looks, that she forgot the Gate was open'd. Upon this the beautiful Lady says to her, Pray, Sister, come in, what do you stay for? don't you see this poor Man so heavy loaded, that he is scarce able to stand under it.

When she enter'd with the Porter, the Lady who open'd the Gate shut it, and all Three after having gone thro' a very fine Porch, came into a spacious Court, encompass'd with an open Gallery, which had a Communication with several Apartments of a Floor, and extraordinary magnificent. There was at the further end of that Court a Sofa richly adorn'd with a Throne of Amber in the Middle of it, supported by four Columns of Ebony, enrich'd with Diamonds and Pearls of an extraordinary Size, and cover'd with a red Sattin, embroider'd with *Indian* Gold of admirable Workmanship. In the Middle of the Court there was a great Fountain, fac'd with white Marble, and full of clear Water, which fell into it abundantly, out of the Mouth of a Lion of Brass.

The Porter tho' heavy loaden, could not but admire the Magnificence of this House, and the excellent Order that every thing was plac'd in, but that which particularly captivated his Attention, was a third Lady, who seem'd to be a greater Beauty than the Second, and was sat upon the Throne just now mentioned; she came down from it, as soon as she saw the two former Ladies, and advanc'd towards them: He judg'd by the Respect which the others shew'd her, that she was the Chief, in which he was not mistaken. This Lady was call'd *Zobeide*, she who open'd the Gate was call'd *Sasie*, and *Amine* was the Name of her who went out to buy the Provisions.

Zobeide says to the two Ladies, when she came to them, Sisters, don't you see that this honest Man is like to sink under his Burden, why don't you ease him of it? Then *Amine*

and *Safie* took the Basket, the one before and the other behind, and *Zobeide* also lent her Hand, and all Three together set it on the Ground. They empty'd it, and when they had done, the beautiful *Amine*, took out Money and paid the Porter liberally. Day-light appearing, *Scheherazade* was oblig'd to keep silence; but *Schahriar* having a great Desire to hear the rest of the Story, he order'd the Sultaness to go on with it next Night.

The Thirtieth Night.

NEXT Morning *Dinarzade* being awak'd by her Impatience to hear the rest of the Story, says to the Sultaness, for the sake of Heaven, Sister, if you be not asleep give us an Account what the Ladies did with the Provisions bought by *Amine*; you shall quickly hear it, says *Scheherazade*, if you listen to my Story, which she resum'd as follows.

The Porter very well satisfy'd with the Money he had receiv'd, was to have taken up his Basket and be gone; but he could not tell how to think on't. Do what he could, he found himself stopp'd by the Pleasure of seeing Three such Beauties, who appear'd to him equally charming; for *Amine* having now laid aside her Veil, was as handsome as either of 'em. That which surpriz'd him most, was, that he saw never a Man about the House, yet most of the Provisions he brought in, as the dry Fruits and the several sorts of Cakes and Confections, were fit chiefly for those who could drink and make merry.

Zobeide thought at first, that the Porter staid only to take his Breath, but perceiving that he staid too long. What d'ye wait for, says she, are you not well enough paid? and turning to *Amine*, says, Sister, give him something more, that he may depart satisfied. Madam, replies the Porter, it is not that which stays me, I am over and above paid: I am sensible that I am unmannerly to stay longer than I ought, but I hope you will be so good as to pardon me if I tell you, that I am astonish'd to see that there's no Man with three Ladies of such extraordinary Beauty, and

you know, that a Company of Women without Men, is as melancholy a thing, as a Company of Men without Women : To this he added several very pleasant things to prove what he said, and did not forget the *Bagdad* Proverb, *That one is never well at Table, except there be four in Company*; and so concluded, that since there were but Three they had need of a Fourth.

The Ladies fell a laughing at the Porter's Discourse; after which *Zobeide* says to him very gravely, Friend, you are a little too bold, and tho' you don't deserve that I should enter into Particulars with you, yet I am willing to tell you that we are three Sisters, who do our Business so secretly, that no body knows any thing of it. We have too great Reason to be cautious of acquainting indiscreet Persons with them, and a good Author that we have read, says, *Keep your Secret, and don't reveal it to anybody*. He that reveals it, is no longer Master of it. If your own Breast can't keep your Secret, how do you think that another Person will keep it.

My Ladies, replies the Porter, by your very Air, I judg'd at first that you were Persons of extraordinary Merit, and I conceive that I am not mistaken; tho' Fortune has not given me Wealth enough to raise me above my mean Profession, yet I have not fail'd to cultivate my Mind as much as I could, by reading Books of Science and History; and allow me, if you please, to tell you, that I have also read in another Author, a Maxim which I have always happily practis'd: *We don't conceal our Secret*, says he, *but from such Persons as are known to all the World to want Discretion, and would abuse the Confidence we put in them*; but we make no scruple to discover them to prudent Persons, because we know they can keep them. A Secret with me is as sure as if it were in a Closet, whose Key is lost and the Door seal'd up.

Zobeide perceiv'd that the Porter did not want Sense, but conceiving that he had a mind to have a share in their Treat, she replies to him, smiling, you know that we are about to have a Treat, and you know also that we have been at considerable Expence, and it is not just that you should have a share of it, without contributing towards it. The beautiful *Safe* seconded her Sister, and says to the
Porter

Porter, Friend, have you never heard that which is commonly said, *If you bring any thing with you, you shall be welcome ; but if you bring nothing, you must get you gone with nothing.*

The Porter notwithstanding his Rhetorick, must in all probability have retir'd in Confusion, if *Amine* had not taken his part, and said to *Zobeide* and *Safie*, my dear Sisters, I conjure you to let him stay with us ; I need not tell you that he will divert us, you see well enough he is capable of that : I must needs tell you, that without he had been very willing, as well as nimble, and hardy enough to follow me, I could not have done so much Business in so little time ; besides, should I repeat to you all the obliging Expressions he had to me by the way, you would not be surpriz'd at my protecting him.

At those Words of *Amine*, the Porter was so much transported with Joy, that he fell on his Knees, kiss'd the Ground at the Feet of that charming Person, and raising himself up, says, most beautiful Lady, you began my good Fortune to-day, and now you compleat it by this generous Action, I cannot enough testify my Acknowledgment for it. As to what remains, my Ladies, adds he, addressing himself to all the three Sisters, since you do me so great Honour, don't think that I will abuse it, or look upon my self as a Person that deserves it. No, I shall always look upon my self as one of your most humble Slaves. When he had spoke these Words, he would have return'd the Money he had receiv'd, but the grave *Zobeide* ordered him to keep it. That which we have once given, says she, to reward those who have served us, we never take again.— Here Day began to dawn, which put *Scheherazade* to silence.

Dinarzade, who listen'd with a great deal of Attention, was much troubled at it, but had this Comfort however, that the Sultan who was as curious as she to know what pass'd betwixt the three beautiful Ladies and the Porter, order'd the Sultaneß to go on with the rest of the Story next Night, and rose up to go about his Business.

The End of the First Volume.